

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## THE LAST APPEAL.

AN appeal to the *feeling* of the country is unobjectionable, no doubt. Moreover, in the absence of reason, it may be extremely convenient; a fact which will be understood by any man of merely private experience, especially if he should ever have been one of those young fellows who, having ruined their families in the pluckiest manner, find it necessary to address another "last appeal" to them from the limboes of Cursitor Street. Of course, that is an extreme case; and no one imagines that we mean to parallel the appeal of the plucky young man with Lord Palmerston's. There are people, however (people there are of all sorts), who go so far as to say that discredit and loss have been brought upon the United British Family by its representative son—the Noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government; and that, too, mainly in consequence of his super-abounding confidence. We do not go so far as that—at any rate we will not on the present occasion—our simple intention now being to moralise on the wise provision of feelings.

If the country had no feeling to appeal to; if Lord Palmerston, like the plucky young gentleman, (who really has a bearing on the case so far) could only appeal to reason,—what would be the consequence? As the young man would indubitably be left in limbo, so the Premier would be abandoned in all his dexterity. There is really no reason in the matter: that is to say, the Government go to the country with no

question for the country's decision. The most obtuse constituency in the three kingdoms scarcely flatters itself into the idea that it is called upon to offer an opinion upon the Chinese question. That is, of course, the ground upon which Parliament was dissolved; but meanwhile the Government has itself settled the question—settled it, moreover, in perfect accordance with the course of the "conspiracy" from which they appeal. The constituencies therefore find themselves in the position of so many physicians called to consult over a corpse; and we find the Government in the act of appealing against its own decisions. For nobody doubts that, if Mr. Cobden's motion had been met by Lord Palmerston with this declaration—that a plenipotentiary would almost immediately be sent to the Court of Peking with instructions to conclude the quarrel amicably, the motion would at once have fallen through, to the satisfaction of a larger majority than that which ultimately carried it. The much-abused and altogether fanciful "coalition" would have been dissolved; the "conspiracy" would have exploded; and (here comes the point) the Government would have been presently stranded on the shores of an ebbing and naturally-expired Parliament, without a grievance or a cry to float them well off into power again. There would have been a situation for a dexterous minister! Whether, in this position of affairs, Lord Palmerston preferred to be beaten we do not know, though it is clear that he might have avoided that catastrophe by

nominating Lord Elgin before, instead of after, the decision on the Chinese debate. But, at any rate, the defeat has had this advantage: it has given a ministry, which, though it worked well in war time, leaves us few pledges of good government in the peaceful days we hope for, a cry and a grievance. "Wolf! wolf!" "Conspiracy!" "Factional and unprincipled coalitions!"—these are the cries with which the Government now appeals to the feeling of the country, aware that no other appeal would serve them.

The elections are not yet over, and we beg to warn electors of unduly excited sympathies. Of Lord Palmerston we have a high opinion, and have supported him accordingly, at various times and on various occasions. He has worked hard and for many long years; but his best reward will not be to allow him or his partisans to bamboozle us. What if the majority who condemned the proceedings at Canton, and the Ministerial assent of those proceedings, was composed of hostile atoms, assembled into a great conspiracy to destroy Lord Palmerston's Government? Suppose we all adopt the very hard language which the Noble Lord himself applies to that majority (after the appointment of Lord Elgin, too!), and say "We will not give our support to men who endeavoured to make the humiliation and degradation of their country the stepping-stone to power;" does it follow that we should seize Lord Palmerston's Government, toss it on our shoulders, and carry it back to power without conditions and without par-



THE ELECTIONS: A FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTER OF A CENTURY AGO.—(AFTER HOGARTH.)



ley? That administration went very well through the work it was appointed to do—the prosecution of the Russian war; it seems to have begun and ended a Persian war with an appropriate degree of industry and talent; and now seems to be bent on bringing the Chinese quarrel to a satisfactory termination, whether by arms or by diplomacy. But the affairs of China do not overshadow the earth any more than its Emperor is actually own brother to the moon; the wise conduct of squabbles with Persians or Chinese is insufficient to fulfil the destinies of the British people, or even to solve the difficulties of our social existence; and though a good squabbler may be of great service in a cabinet, we incline to the opinion that a wise legislator is much more to our present purpose. There are certain anomalies, certain abuses, certain miseries in these kingdoms. There are institutions and reforms which the masses, too patient as a whole to cry for, die for; and when a gentleman is put forward on the hustings, and you are requested to vote for him because he is a supporter of Palmerston and Bowring, it might be as well, we think, to demand his support for these reforms also. Whether you will always be solicited by men equally anxious in behalf of both precious objects—the triumph of Palmerston and the amelioration of social abuses—we may be allowed to doubt, especially as the Premier himself has rather indistinct ideas on domestic questions, and no very confirmed purpose in putting them forward. This fact has been sufficiently shown in his Lordship's whole career, has been particularly noticeable since his recent accession to power, and is confirmed in the address which his Lordship has just issued to the electors of Tiverton. This document is emphatic enough so long as it dilates upon the foreign policy of the Government; it is peculiarly plain-spoken in its denunciations of the traitors who endeavoured at the same time to push the Premier from his stool, and to "make the humiliation and degradation of their country a stepping-stone to power;" when, however, we come to the programme of his home policy, it is bodiless as yesterday itself, and spiritless as yesterday's champagne. His Lordship vaguely (but, of course, judiciously) says:—"At home our guiding principles will be judicious and well-regulated economy, progressive improvement in all that concerns the welfare of the nation, the continued diffusion of education among the people, and such well-considered reforms as from time to time may be required by changes of circumstances and by the increasing growth of intelligence."

Here we have the most definite scheme of policy to which the Premier's conscience, never altogether reconciled to his desertion of his first love—Toryism—permits him to be pledged. What does the Liberal voter, before whom Lord Palmerston's thick-and-thin supporters now flourish so largely, make of it? Indifferent, vague, general—it may mean something, but there is at least an equal probability to the contrary. Reforms that depend upon future changes of circumstances, ameliorations contingent upon an increased growth of popular intelligence, inspire us with no enthusiastic hope for the future, while they fail to satisfy the exigencies of the present. But we see how convenient is this tormenting cry of "unprincipled coalitions" when we behold the utter barrenness of Palmerston's policy. In hubbub is his hope—in an outcry about foreign relations, successful treaties, the British flag, &c., &c.; which, however important in their way, do not comprise all that is honourable or necessary in government. Electors must not be misled by it, and we begin to cherish the doubt whether they will. Another unprincipled coalition is, we believe, at this moment in active organisation—another conspiracy is fomenting; a coalition against the support of any minister on his own mere personal policy—a conspiracy to keep the head of the Liberal party alive to the support of Liberal measures. To this combination we give our adherence, uninfluenced by the accusation (in which we shall of course be included) of seeking power or interest in the degradation of our country. Luckily, however, in countenancing this conspiracy, we do not necessarily reject Lord Palmerston or his Government. Let him only bring his undoubted talents, and his still more unquestionable experience, as much to the government of these kingdoms as of others, and we will give him our cordial support; moreover, we conceive that this most desirable object even his warmest adherents are bound to insist upon. That is not what they are doing at this moment; they are raving at all the hustings about "Palmerston for ever!" as if Palmerston were a comprehensive synonym for Peace, Retrenchment, Reform, a sound domestic policy, and, finally, the millennium. This, however, it is not; and we hope that electors will insist upon a little detail, and go for measures, irrespective of the man.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

THERE is at present a revival of the rumour that the French Ministry will be modified. It is stated that the recent illness of M. Mocquard, the Emperor's Chef du Cabinet, had forced upon the Government the consideration of what should be done if he were to die. It was suggested that the Emperor's Cabinet should be incorporated with the Department of State. M. Mocquard recovered, but the Emperor, it is said, listened favourably to the suggestions offered by his Ministers. This is supposed to have given rise to the rumour of a Ministerial modification.

The budget for 1858 was presented to the Corps Legislatif on Saturday afternoon. It makes out a surplus of twenty-five millions, which sum is to be applied *pro tanto* (and it will go but a little way indeed) in reduction of the floating debt. The report on the budget estimates the product of the new tax at fourteen millions.

We hear that a judicial "instruction" is actively going on with respect to a political plot, of which scarcely anything has been said in Paris, which is alleged to have been discovered in February last, and which was to have broken out in action on the Place de la Bastille on the 24th of that month.

Ferukh Khan is expected to return to Paris from London on April 10. There is a talk of the establishment of a permanent Persian embassy in Paris.

Government is about to bring in a bill, the mere announcement of which has created terror in some thousand families. For the last twenty-five years the number of individuals who have decorated themselves with the title of Count or Baron, without consulting any other authority than their very good will, has become enormous. The bill in question is to the effect that every family rejoicing in a title shall prove their right to the same; whilst those who, after detection, shall continue to usurp a social position to which they have no legal claim, will be subjected to a severe punishment.

### SPAIN.

CORRESPONDENCE from Madrid affirms that the Spanish Government being resolved to exact full satisfaction from Mexico, has refused to receive the Mexican envoy, M. Lafragua, and M. Hidalgo, the *chargé d'affaires*. This news is in contradiction with that given by the "Diario Espanol" of the 21st, which said that the Government would decide what was to be done after it had received the Mexican envoy. The "Epoca" intimates that the mediation offered by the Emperor of the French would probably be declined, and that Spain would obtain reparation from Mexico by sending a fleet to her shores.

The Government has decided to raise the state of siege in all the provinces. It is announced positively that the sentence of six months' imprisonment passed upon General Prim by the court-martial, has been commuted by the Queen into six months' residence in the town of Alicante.

According to the latest advices from the Gulf of Mexico, the forts of Vera Cruz had fired upon the boats of the Spanish frigate *Ferrolana*, al-

though war had not been declared; the commandant of the frigate had asked for explanations. The commandant of the American squadron, and several French and English ships of war, were anchored in the roads.

### AUSTRIA.

THE Sardinian Legation has been recalled from Vienna. The French Embassy at Vienna is charged with the protection of Sardinian interests.

The Government is engaged in the re-organisation of its troops in the Austrian provinces of Italy. Their numbers, and the extent of the various commands, are, it is said, about to be modified. It is asserted that several new appointments have already been decided upon; among them is mentioned that of Major-General Baron von Gaklentz, late director of military affairs in Moldavia, and whom the evacuation has thrown out of employment. He is to be entrusted with the post of "private commander" at Verona.

A Vienna letter of the 19th says:—"It is stated in well-informed circles that France is disposed to exercise mediation in the Austro-Sardinian conflict; but a mediation cannot be advantageous in an Austrian point of view, unless Sardinia shall positively disavow any intention of calling in question the Austrian possessions in Italy, the language of Count Cavour not having satisfied her on that point."

### PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND.

THE Prussian Minister at Paris has received from his Government the instructions which he awaited, relative to the Neuchâtel affair. They are to the effect that the King will treat upon the bases proposed by the Conference on the following conditions:—"The title of Prince of Neuchâtel to remain attached to the Crown of Prussia. The benevolent institutions at Neuchâtel to be maintained and guaranteed. The revenue of the Royal domains to continue to be paid to the King for four years. The produce of the same, which amounts to about 100,000*fr.* a year, to serve to indemnify the Royalists for the sacrifices and losses they have undergone. Switzerland to proclaim a general amnesty, and the Royalists compromised since 1848 to be molested on no grounds whatever."

It has been said that the settlement of the question encounters a fresh difficulty from the circumstance of the younger branches of the house of Prussia refusing to consent to a renunciation of the Principality. Without their consent the renunciation of the King would not be valid.

The Conferences were re-opened at Paris on Tuesday.

### ITALY.

COUNT PAAR, the Austrian Ambassador at the Court of Turin, has been recalled. This step has been taken, however, without a complete rupture of diplomatic relations.

Chevalier Pinelli left Naples on the 12th for Rome, and was to proceed thence to Paris and London, with the view of bringing about the resumption of diplomatic relations between Naples and England and France.

The Neapolitan Government has taken all the precautions usually deemed necessary to meet a popular movement. Orders to place the city in a state of siege, if necessary, have been issued from Caserta. A servant of the Count of Aquila, the King's brother, has been arrested, charged with contemplating poisoning his Royal Highness. No political motive is connected with this event. The Neapolitan army is to perform fifteen days of "spiritual exercise," instead of eight; and every soldier is subject to a special confession, with a view of discovering conspiracies.

The Princess de la Tour-d'Auvergne, wife of the French Minister at Florence, died on March 8.

Some of the prisoners confined (chiefly for political offences) in the castle of Palliano, in Rome, made an attempt to escape on Saturday week. They chose the hour allotted to taking exercise in the court as most propitious for their attempt. Instead of returning into their respective places of confinement, some of them succeeded in forcing the doors leading to the piazza d'armi, whilst others broke through the ceiling of the prison wards, and got upon the roofs of the barracks and infirmary. The first detachment, making use of the tools with which they are allowed to work at certain hours, broke open the door of the head jailer's room, to get the keys from him. Those on the roof of the barracks untiled the roof to gain admission into the building, and seize the soldiers' arms, whilst those on the roof of the infirmary endeavoured to keep the troops from entering the barracks by pelting them with tiles. In this state of things, the commanders of the garrison gave the soldiery orders to fire, when, bricks being no match for muskets, the mutineers had to submit, with the loss of four killed and five wounded. One of the soldiers and a keeper were wounded also.

### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE Sultan has published a firman, ordering that land shall be given to foreign families who may feel disposed to establish themselves in Turkey. The essential condition required for such settlers will be that they shall become subjects of the Sultan and swear fidelity to him. The colonists are to have full freedom of religion, and have their own churches.

Recent despatches assert that the Porte has not finally decided to prevent the union of the Principalities.

The squadron of Admiral Lyons had not quitted the Bosphorus on the 16th. It was to come to an anchor before Constantinople.

Some Montenegrins devoted to Prince Danilo have arrested and thrown into prison Luca Radonich, a descendant of a family which has long played an important part in the country. Luca Radonich had formed the project of deposing Prince Danilo, and getting himself proclaimed head of the Montenegrins in his stead. Information of this capture was at once transmitted to Prince Danilo, at Paris, by his partisans, who talked of shooting the conspirator.

Accounts from Tiflis state that the Russians had achieved some success against the Circassians. The former had penetrated to within thirty versts of Schamyl's camp.

### AMERICA.

MR. BUCHANAN has delivered his inaugural message, an abstract of which will be found in another column.

Messrs. Gilbert, Matheeson, and Edwards, members of the House of Representatives, have been convicted of corruption by the Investigating Committee, and have resigned their seats. A Mr. Triplett, and a Mr. Simonton, have been excluded from the reporters' seats.

General Comofort, President of the Mexican Republic, has sold a tract of land in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to an American company, who are to have the right of cutting a canal to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific. The intention is said to be to join the rivers Huasculco and Chimalapa by a canal which will be about thirty-five miles long, and which will thus connect the two oceans. Competent judges assert that the scheme is the most practical and least expensive yet suggested.

The remains of Dr. Kane lay in state at Baltimore.

### THE BRITISH ARMY IN PERSIA.

General Sir James Outram, with his personal and part of his general staff, left Bombay on the night of the 15th of January, on board the steam frigate *Semiramis*, and touched at Kurrachee on the 19th, where he remained a few hours to communicate with Colonel Jacob (who has been appointed Brigadier-General) respecting the speedy transport of 800 of the Scinde Horse to the seat of war, and on other important matters. The *Semiramis* came to anchor in Bushire roads on the 27th of January.

Sir James, after visiting the Residency, rode out to the camp, situated about two miles from the town, dined at the Staff mess, and spent the night in General Stalker's tent. The next morning he held a conference with General Stalker and the Political Resident. It was supposed that, on the arrival of the first detachments of the Second Division from Bombay, they would be despatched forthwith to Mohammerah, to take possession of that place before the Persians had time to intrench themselves more strongly. In that case, it was presumed that Sir James would so fortify the intrenched camp before Bushire as to be able to detach about 2,000 men, to join the expedition against Mohammerah. No delay whatever would occur by this arrangement in any plans that might have been devised against Shiraz, inasmuch as, from want of baggage animals, no attempt could be made in that direction for some time, beyond, perhaps, obtaining a more salubrious encampment for the troops.

Letters from Persia affirm that the revolt in that country had become still further developed.

### THE POISONINGS IN CHINA.

FROM a French source we have some details of the arrest and first interrogatory of the Chinese baker, Allum, whose execution for poisoning his bread has been already reported.

Allum (says our authority), who is a man of large fortune, and who has extensive mills and granaries at Canton, where his family usually reside, took to flight immediately after the perpetration of his crime, and embarked in the night on board a junk for Macao. An English steamer was sent in pursuit of him, and he was brought back to Hong Kong, where he was immediately subjected to an interrogatory by Captain Adams, charged to investigate the affair. The questions and his answers, which were as follow, were made through an interpreter:—"Q. On the 1st of December all the foreigners who deal with you received bread which had been poisoned with arsenic. Those who partook of it soon felt the effects of the poison, and several are still in a dangerous state. Soon after the commission of this action you took to flight. Your domestics, on being arrested and interrogated, declare that the bread had been prepared under your direction, and that you personally mixed the poison, and threw the arsenic into the dough. What have you to say to this?"—"A. I have acted agreeably to the order of the Viceroy, which was brought to me by a satellite of the Mandarins. That order told me that, the English having declared war on my country, it was my duty to assist in their destruction; that the soldiers used fire and sword to fight them, and that I was to use poison; that it was natural to do everything to injure an enemy; and that, moreover, if I disobeyed his orders, my family at Canton would be thrown into prison, and all my property confiscated."—"Q. The conduct of the Viceroy is horrible, but it is no excuse for yours. The act which you have committed is contrary to the laws of war, as it is to those of humanity, and he who commits such a crime is equally guilty with him who advises it. It is useless for you to attempt to excuse yourself by saying that you acted against an enemy, for you have also poisoned Germans, Russians, Italians, Americans, and French, with whom you are not at war."—"A. It was involuntary that the poisoned bread was distributed to those foreigners."—"Q. What you now say is not the truth. Your domestics have declared that, on that day, you made two kinds of bread: one poisoned, which was distributed by your orders to all foreigners indiscriminately; and another, which was good, and given only to the Chinese."—"A. My domestics are mistaken."—"Q. That we shall see hereafter. Your crime is so horrible that it is very natural that you should seek to dissemble, but when the day of your trial arrives we will furnish proof of all we charge you with." This first interrogatory took place at the moment when the baker was brought back and lodged in the prison of Hong Kong. It is a curious document, and shows the feeling which now animates the Chinese.

### THE JAPAN DIFFICULTY.

We last week announced that two British steamers had forced the entrance of the port of Nagasaki, in Japan. The following circumstances appear to have led to this step, which has been attended with good results. On 11th December, the two vessels, after having visited the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi, presented themselves before Nagasaki, but were refused admission by the Governor, a mandarin of high class. As this refusal amounted to a breach of the treaty concluded in 1855 between Japan and England, as likewise between Japan and Russia, France, and the United States, the two vessels steamed into the port and placed themselves abreast of the fortifications of the place, which are strong. No resistance was, however, offered by the Governor. On the following day the two commanders left their vessels, and marched to the residence of the Governor, at the head of a numerous escort. The Governor refused to see them, but he acquainted the English that any letter would be forwarded to the Emperor at Jeddo. A letter was consequently despatched to the Emperor, who received the remonstrances it contained in a favourable manner, and replied by publishing an edict on the 20th of January, wherein he gave orders that in future the three ports mentioned above shall be opened to the navies of England, France, Russia, and the United States. The crews of any foreign vessels are, however, forbidden to penetrate into the interior of the country, and any breach of this law will be punished by imprisonment, the period of which is to be fixed by the Emperor himself.

### MESSAGE OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

THE inaugural message of the new President of the United States, Mr. Buchanan, has arrived in this country. The President commences by saying that, having determined not to be a candidate for re-election, he has no object but faithfully to serve his country during his term of office, and to live in the memory of his countrymen. He then declares his adherence to the principle now recognised by the country—that the will of the majority in each Territory or State shall determine the establishment of domestic slavery. "Congress is neither to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." This principle Mr. Buchanan represents. By it slavery and non-slavery are allowed to battle it out between them without the interference of any controlling authority. Compromises and boundary lines are now effaced. Territory will be won by either of the two systems, according to the energy and progress of its representatives. "May we not, then," says Mr. Buchanan, "hope that the geographical parties to which the question has given birth will become speedily extinct?" Thus is the terrible problem solved by the new Government of the United States.

The President then proceeds to point out the folly and want of patriotism displayed by those who, during the late struggle, hinted at and even advocated the disruption of the Union, arguing that the preservation of this great confederacy tends to the development and civilisation of every part. The fulness of the American treasury is the subject of the next few paragraphs. This plethora of income has, it appears, given rise to wild schemes of expenditure, and called into existence a race of jobbers who threaten to corrupt the virtue of the Republic. As "a relief from this embarrassment," the President proposes to appropriate the surplus to great national objects—the extinction of the public debt, a reasonable increase of the navy, and the defence of the extended sea coast. The squandering of the public money, it is then urged, sinks into insignificance compared with the waste of the public lands; and the President calls attention to the powers inherent in Congress, and in the several States, with regard to this subject. The next point is the necessity of a military road from the Atlantic States to California, so that in case of war reinforcements might be sent to the Far West without the necessity of passing round the Horn or across the Isthmus.

As to the new President's foreign policy, what are the Monroe doctrine and the Ostend Manifesto to be developed by the triumphant champion of the Democrats, the inaugural Message affords but vague answers. The two concluding paragraphs are devoted to "our rights and duties as a member of the great family of nations." To cultivate peace, commerce, and friendship with foreign nations, not only with a view to material interest, but in a spirit of Christian benevolence, to employ a diplomacy which shall be direct and frank, to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of nations—such are the principles of public policy which are to guide the conduct of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Cass. With respect, moreover, to the application of these principles, the United States, we are told, have never extended their dominions by the sword, for that Texas was annexed by the vote of a free people, and half of the Mexican territory which was added to the Union ten years ago was fairly purchased after the Mexican armies had been beaten. While the American Government continues to act on this principle, "no nation will have a right to interfere or complain if in the progress of events we shall still further extend our possessions." These are the most marked indications of the President's policy; and if the temperance of tone manifested in this address be followed by frankness of conduct, one of the first results will be the final settlement of those trifling differences which still exist between the two great free nations of the world.

A GREEK JOURNAL says that the French Government has notified its intention to defray the expenses caused by the French Army of Occupation.



## THE PROVINCES.

**THE COLLIERIES EXPLOSION NEAR BARNESLEY.**—On the evening of Wednesday week the engineers met; and, after a prolonged consultation, during which the temperature of the water in the pit and other facts were laid before them, they decided to continue the influx of the water until the following Monday. It was understood that on the day on which this consultation was held, operations would have been commenced for emptying the pit; and a large number of the relatives of the deceased miners assembled round the officers, to await the result of the consultation. At the conclusion, they were informed that the water in the up-cast shaft not being of a uniform heat—it was 61 deg. Fahrenheit at the bottom and 66 deg. at the top—it was clear that the fire was still smouldering; and as it would be extremely unsafe to draw out the water until the fire was quite extinguished, it had been decided to continue the influx of water, but they might rely upon it that not a moment would be lost in emptying the pit and recovering the bodies, after it became safe to do so. The announcement was very gladly received by the women, and gave rise to a very distressing scene. The Coroner's inquiry was resumed on Thursday and Friday, but no evidence of special importance was adduced. Subscriptions continue to be received for a very liberal scale.

**SEVENTEEN HOUSES BURNED DOWN.**—A fire broke out late on the evening of Friday week, at Alverstone, about two miles from Gosport, by which seventeen houses were burned to the ground. A poor woman, named Roberts, lost her life in endeavouring to save some furniture, by the roof falling upon her. The fire was ultimately extinguished by the soldiers of the garrison.

**BOILER EXPLOSION AT BIRKENHEAD.**—On the morning of Friday week there was a tremendous explosion of a boiler attached to a stove, and used for the purpose of generating steam to bend planks, in Messrs. Clover and Boyle's yard, Birkenhead. No one was killed, but several labourers were struck or scalded, and remain in the hospital.

**DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH SHEEP-STEALERS.**—On Friday night, about half-past eleven, as Walker, a policeman stationed at Wombwell, near the Lund Hill Colliery, was going his rounds, he saw three men drive a flock of sheep into the corner of a field near which he was watching. Having caught two of the sheep, one of the party asked, "Where shall we stick them?" Another replied, "Let us take them down to the low end of the field." The constable having heard so much, followed them on the other side of the hedge. On arriving at the bottom of the field he could only see two men, who had the sheep on the ground, and were stooping over them. He struck one of them a blow with a heavy walking-stick, and the other he succeeded in handcuffing. The other man now came up and gave a whistle. The signal was responded to, and five more men rushed to the spot, when a desperate struggle ensued, the men being armed with life-preservers and butcher's knives. Walker's stick having broken, he seized a life-preserver from one of the villians, and for a short time withstood the attack, during which the parties rolled over the low hedge into an adjoining field. Walker was at length completely overpowered and rendered insensible. The men, including the one with the handcuffs on, then made off. On the policeman recovering, he managed to crawl to a farm about eighty yards distant. He was immediately conveyed home, when it was found that two of his fingers were entirely cut off, and a third was in such a condition that it had to be amputated. He was bruised and cut nearly all over his body, having seven severe wounds on the head, all inflicted with knives, his face cut in a shocking manner, and one of his shoulders dislocated. Very little hope of his recovery is entertained; and it has been deemed advisable to take his depositions.

**GREAT THUNDERSTORM.**—A storm of thunder and lightning passed over the village of Farington, and afterwards over Preston, on Thursday week. At Farington the electric fluid struck a tall factory chimney, which it diminished to about a quarter of its height. It then descended down the south-west corner of the chimney, cutting it open. The distance to which the force of the fluid had passed the bricks of the chimney in almost every direction, was remarkable. They completely smashed the whole of the windows, which are of plate glass, burst through the roof of the boiler-house, and dashed a large portion of the bricks through the north side of the large mill. A considerable number of bricks were actually carried over the mill into the street, and many across the railroad into the adjacent fields. No one was injured.

**SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.**—At the Junction Inn, Pudsey, some lads were drinking—among them was one named John Burton. Burton's companions presently seized him, blackened his face, smeared it with blood, and putting a rope round his neck, dragged him about. Then pretending that his head was severely wounded, they cut off all the hair and covered it with plaster. One of them also, more cruel than the rest, severely wounded the youth's thigh with a red-hot poker. He was laid up for a long time; but on Thursday week, though still in a feeble condition, he appeared before the West Riding magistrates to make a deposition against four young men, named Halliday, Allott, Jovett, and Naylor. The charge being fully proved, they were each fined £5, with the alternative of going to prison for two months, with hard labour.

**CLAIMS FOR RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.**—Some important claims, arising out of the accidents at the Church Fenton Station of the North-Eastern Railway, came before the Sheriff's Court at York on Saturday, for assessing the amount of damages. Mr. Waterhouse, a young married man, claimed £4,000 for injuries he sustained. The plaintiff was a passenger in a second class carriage. He sustained a contused wound on the head and shoulder, legs lacerated, an ribs fractured. He had not been able to attend to business. The jury awarded £200. The next case was that of a widow, named Brain, who claimed compensation for the loss of her husband, killed at the accident. The company consented to a verdict of £1,000, one-half to the widow, and the other half to be divided among five children. Nicholson v. North-Eastern Company was a similar case; verdict was taken for £160.

**ATTEMPT TO OVERTURN A RAILWAY TRAIN.**—A deliberate attempt to overturn a railway train on the Llandilo and Llandilo Railway was made on Saturday. The officer managed, unobserved, to alter the switches, whereby the train, had the offender escaped notice, would have been run off the line, and in all probability overturned and smashed. Fortunately the engine-driver, keeping a look-out ahead, observed that the switch was not right, shut off the steam, and put on the brakes and breaks. In consequence, the speed of the train was greatly slackened, and the impetus of the train was broken before it reached the switches, so that beyond running off the line no injury was done.

**THE DUNMOW FLITCH.**—The Dunmow procession will take place on the 24th of June next. The successful claimants, we hear, reside at Colchester. The husband is a son of Mars, and a servant of her Majesty; in other words, he is a non-commissioned officer. His wife—distinguished lady!—was born at Caltheus; her fatherward a most honourable town. The selection, however, has not been absolutely m. de.

**REVIEW OF CHINA-BOUND TROOPS.**—The Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by the Adjutant-General of the Forces, the Quartermaster-General, and other officers of the Staff, arrived in Portsmouth on Monday morning, to review the 2nd, 82nd, and 90th Regiments, on Southsea Common. On the conclusion of the inspection, his Royal Highness addressed the troops in terms highly eulogistic of their efficiency, and told them that, though they were going to a country the climate of which did not bear a high character in a sanitary point of view, yet that, as regarded the health of the troops, very much would depend upon their own mode of life and personal care.

**ATTEMPTED FRATRICIDE.**—At York, on Thursday week, George Bell was indicted for attempting to administer to his brother, Thomas Bell, a poisonous acid, with intent to murder him. The brothers were both farmers, residing near Boulton in the East Riding. The case against George Bell was that, in April, 1856, he had put some prussic acid into a bottle of sherry, and sent it by railway to his brother. Fortunately, however, his brother's suspicions were aroused. In consequence of the peculiar smell of the liquid he merely tasted a little, and then spat it out. Thomas Bell, the prosecutor, although he was the younger brother, was in possession of some landed property under his father's will; he was married, and if he died without issue that property would go to the prisoner for life. The principal evidence, after that of Thomas Bell, the prosecutor, himself, who could only prove that he received a hamper, containing the sherry in a bottle, which had come directed in a strange hand-writing, was that of Jacob Traumaer, who was in the service of the prisoner as shepherd, and who proved that the prisoner had given him a similar hamper to take to the Run-bach station. He stated that, in subsequent conversations, the prisoner had forbidden him to tell this, "as it would be a bad job," and had promised him £10 or £100 to say that he (Traumaer) had sent the hamper himself. It was proved that the prisoner had asked for prussic acid at a chemist's shop. The brothers had generally been on friendly terms. The Jury, after deliberating an hour, returned a verdict of "Guilty," recommending the prisoner to mercy. The prisoner was sentenced to be transported for life.

**FRATRICIDE.**—At Maidstone lived a family of the labouring class, consisting of a father, mother, and three sons—namely, George, Thomas, and William Edward. Thomas and George were not upon good terms; for the latter, it would seem, had become idle, sullen, and a burden to the family. His father had procured work for this troublesome fellow, but he refused to go to it, which exasperated his brother Thomas so much that he threatened to turn him out of doors. That evening Thomas went to bed at nine o'clock; his mother went up about an hour after, a d, peeping in at the door, saw him sleeping soundly. She had not been long in bed, however, before she heard groans, and went into her son's room (all the young men slept in the same apartment), thinking one of them was ill. Here she saw Thomas stretched on the bed, and bleeding from the wounds on or about the head. The window of the bed-room was open, and George was gone. A chopper used for chopping wood, and now covered with blood, was found near George's bed. Search was instantly made for him, and he was apprehended at Rochester on Friday morning.

**THE MONMOUTH MAGISTRATES** have fined Michael Taylor, a farmer, of Skench, £500, for manufacturing malt without a license.

**ATTRA SOMEWHAT RIGIDIOUS MEETING** at the Royal Hotel, Chester, last week, a pious and riotous fell from the ceiling clean through the floor. The meeting, which was very crowded, had dispersed scarcely ten minutes before.

## COBDEN'S ANALYSIS OF PALMERSTON.

At the great meeting held last week in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, a brief report of which we gave in our last Saturday's impression, Mr. Cobden entered upon a searching examination of Lord Palmerston's claims to the support and gratitude of the Liberal party at the present juncture.

"Are you," he asked, "going to constitute Lord Palmerston the despotic ruler of this country? Who is Lord Palmerston, that we are to invest him with this power? When I want to know what a man is, I ask, What has he done? That was Napoleon's question always, if anybody talked to him about somebody being a great man.—What has he done?" Lord Palmerston has been fifty-two years in Parliament. Well, he has belonged, I believe, to every Government excepting one during those years. I remember the "Times" newspaper, which spent about fifteen years in trying to blacken his reputation, and is now polishing him up every day, and when it had said everything else that was gross, vulgar, and vituperative about him, wound up by saying that he had been 'boots' to every administration for thirty years. But with what has his name been associated? (Peterloo.) Yes, Peterloo. I am reminded that, when on this very spot of ground, the people were cut down and trampled upon by the yeomanry cavalry, Lord Palmerston was one of the Government, and voted in favour of that outrage. Well, but what has he done since?—because men may have been, in the early part of their career, put by circumstances into a certain groove (like Sir Robert Peel), and hardly answerable for the course they were obliged to run. What has he done since he has been able to take his own choice? What does he propose now to do? He was a member of the Reform Ministry in 1831, for he left his old party, and joined the Whigs as a reformer. But was he one of those who put forward the cause of reform, or was he there as a drag-chain? I have seen a speech delivered by Sir James Graham at Carlisle, in which he says, 'I and Lord John Russell are the only two cabinet ministers remaining alive who formed the Government which brought in the Reform Bill of 1831'; and he says, 'We had Lord Palmerston amongst us; but I very soon found out that he was not very much disposed for the work that we were engaged upon.' In December, 1833, Lord Palmerston belonged to the ministry of Lord Aberdeen. Now, many were denuded with the idea that Lord Palmerston was the great champion of democracy, and that Lord Aberdeen was always the friend of despotism: I was not taken in by that, but a good many people were. Well, but what did Lord Palmerston do in December 1833, when Lord Aberdeen's Government was preparing a new Reform Bill? Why, Lord Palmerston left Lord Aberdeen's Government because he objected to that modicum of reform then proposed—that bill, bearing on its back the names of Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham—certainly not two very rash or democratic reformers—which proposed to give a ten pound franchise to the counties, and a modified franchise to the boroughs; that bill was too much for Lord Palmerston to swallow in 1833, and he left Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet because he objected to that bill. Well, what has he done since? Why, he has opposed everything that can bear the mere semblance of reform. He voted against Locke King's motion for a ten-pound county franchise; and he has opposed the 40s. freehold franchise for Scotland. It appears to me it is about the most audacious attempt upon your credulity that ever was practised in this country, to think of raising the cry at an election in favour of one man—for there is no other cry attempted on the hustings; and for that man to be the leader of the liberal party, without having one liberal tenet in his profession of faith. Why, when I read of men that I have hitherto considered to be earnest reformers—when I read their speeches and addresses, in which they have said: 'I am for the ballot, the extension of the suffrage, shortening parliaments, against church rates, and will give my hearty support to Lord Palmerston's Government,'—my natural question is, 'Are these men idiots? or are they disloyal?' Lord Palmerston is not content with a mere passive resistance to what you desire as reformers. He lends an active opposition—he votes and speaks against every measure of reform that is brought into the House of Commons. But we are told that Lord Palmerston is a great friend of freedom abroad. Well, now go and ask those men in this country who represent freedom abroad—ask Kosuth. I will tell you what happened within my knowledge. When that illustrious Hungarian was expected in England, after his imprisonment in Turkey, my lamented friend Lord Dudley Stuart went down to Southampton to meet Kosuth, and receive him on his arrival. Having to wait a day or two there, and being in the neighbourhood of Broadlands, where Lord Palmerston lives, he went there and saw the Noble Lord, and received from him a request to bring Kosuth over to Broadlands, to see him. I remember receiving a letter from Lord Dudley Stuart, announcing to me this piece of intelligence with the greatest glee. He was delighted at the opportunity of taking Kosuth over to see Lord Palmerston; and as soon as he arrived he announced to him the proposed information. To his astonishment he found that Kosuth would not accept it. He would not go near Lord Palmerston; and I have got a letter from Lord Dudley Stuart, asking me to use all my influence with Kosuth to induce him to go and call upon Lord Palmerston. He could not do it; and my answer was this, 'You may depend upon it, Kosuth knows a great deal more about Lord Palmerston than you do.' I defy any human being to show an instance where anybody on the face of the earth has been happier or freer in consequence of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy. He endorsed the invasion of Rome by the French. He was the first in red-hot haste to congratulate the present Emperor of the French after his usurpation, when the blood was still flowing in the streets of Paris. He refused to see an envoy sent from the Hungarians because he said he could treat with nobody but the Austrian government. He treated the Italians in the same way. Is it consistent with common sense that the man who has no love for liberty or progress at home should have any love of that kind to export to foreign countries? Well, what other title does he present to our confidence. We are told he carried the Russian war to a triumphant conclusion. Now, I will tell you what he did in that war. Lord Palmerston was a member of the Government which declared the war. He was responsible for every blunder just as much as any member of the Government. And what is the Cabinet now? Why, the majority of the Cabinet now was the majority of the Cabinet then. Lord Palmerston was not called upon to make a new Cabinet in order to carry on the war; certain members of the Cabinet—a minority—seceded from it, and left the majority, of whom Lord Palmerston was at the head. That majority is quite as responsible for everything that occurred during the early progress of the war, as they can claim to be entitled to any merit for any improvement in the conduct of the war after that minority seceded. When Lord Aberdeen seceded from the Government, Lord Palmerston told Sir James Graham and the rest of the friends of Lord Aberdeen who remained in the Government, that he would carry on the Government and the war upon precisely the same principles that they had been carried on by Lord Aberdeen; that there should be no change in his foreign policy; and that he would only ask the same terms of peace as Lord Aberdeen would have been content with. That came out in the House of Commons. When Mr. Roebuck brought forward his motion for inquiring into the scenes going on before Sebastopol, to try and hunt out, if he could, the cause of the ruin and disaster that had befallen our army, did Palmerston get up in his place in the House and say, 'Here are admitted evils; I grant to the Hon. and Learned Gentleman that this is a fair subject for inquiry? No; he said by things as they were—defended everything, and resisted an inquiry by the committee. But what is more, after the committee was appointed, and had sat and inquired into the proceedings at Sebastopol, when Mr. Roebuck brought forward a motion in the House of Commons, consequent on the inquiry, did Lord Palmerston assist him? No, he voted against him again. What has he done besides? After sending out a couple of men—able and competent men—Sir John M'Neill and Colonel Tulloch—and after they had brought home a report certainly as able, and I believe as conscientious, as was ever made by public men—what did Lord Palmerston do? Did he bark up his own commissioners? No. He would have done so if it had been Smith, Jones, or Robinson, that had been concerned—but they were Lords and Earls who were in question, and what did he do? He appointed a commission of military men to inquire into the conduct of the commissioners. And then, when public opinion rises to demand some improvement upon this state of things, what does he do? He insults these distinguished men by sending them a present each of a thousand pounds, which they sent back again; just the amount that was paid some time ago to a policeman for having captured and celebrated political criminal. Now, this is the sort of man that we are called upon all at once to fall down and worship. Why, I say the brazen image shall have no worship from me."

**MR. HANNAY AT DUMFRIES.**—On the afternoon of Friday, the 20th instant, Mr. James Hannay, of London, addressed the electors of Dumfries. The place of meeting was the theatre, and on a very brief notice it was completely filled. He expressed regret that his native town of Dumfries, which was known before Liverpool or Manchester figured on the maps, had not been represented at all in the late division in Parliament. If this sort of thing were to be permitted by constituencies, there would be no need of the franchise at all, and Dumfries might as well be a little town in Timbuctoo. Mr. Hannay then disclaimed the allegations that he was a follower of Mr. Disraeli, or a Tory of the old school. His name had been associated with that of Lord Stanley, but though an admirer of that young nobleman, he was not his protégé, nor was Lord Stanley his patron. He professed his readiness to support those measures of a sanitary and social character which Lord Stanley, much to his honour, promoted; but he would not oppose any such measures if brought forward by Lord Palmerston. He then condemned the recent proceedings in China, stating that though the Chinese might have erred in some respects, they ought to have been treated with some degree of forbearance, and, if chastised at all, chastised as one would children, instead of bringing the tremendous artillery of Britain to bombard their towns and decimate the inhabitants.

**THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION AND THE ELECTION.**—This association has issued an address to the constituencies, exhorting them to demand explanations of all candidates for their suffrages, especially on the suffrage, the ballot, the reform of our administrative departments, &c. The address thus concludes:—"If a man have proved himself by his past life to be diligent in the inquiry after knowledge; if he have given proof of his moral worth; if he be a strict adherent to the cause of truth, he may be a worthy representative, though not possessed of the ready fluency of a practised debater, or the artful sophistry of a trained advocate."

## WITCHCRAFT IN 1857.

THOMAS CHARLESWORTH, now in the twenty-ninth year of his age, owns and occupies a farm of forty acres at Bromley Hurst, in the county of Stafford, and pursues the ordinary business of his calling in those parts. In April, last year, he found that some thing had been done to his dairy, that the cheese wouldn't "come," and that the dairy-maid was ill. For these facts he seems to have been at a loss to account, until a man upon his farm suggested that there was Witchcraft at work, and that a certain James Tunnickiff was the man to stop it.

So to James Tunnickiff he repaired, who at once accepted the office, and proceeded to the farm, where, after a few preliminary essays, he prosperously established himself. The end of it was, that there he remained in the capacity of exorcist till February last, when he was dismissed, but not before he had received for his service some £20 or £30 from the said Thomas Charlesworth. The farmer, however, had by this time recovered his better senses; and he instituted a prosecution against the sorcerer for obtaining money under false pretences. The case was tried at Stafford on the 20th, and the result was, that a sentence of twelve months' hard labour followed upon the conviction of the prisoner. We have now said all that is necessary respecting the trial. The incident, however, deserves a further notice, for it is not every day that we are admitted into the secrets of the art and practice of Witchcraft as pursued in the current century.

The symptoms of a witchcraft family exhibit a strong family resemblance to those put formerly on record. At Bromley Hurst Farm, according to the evidence, things drove into the yard like carriages, and other things came into the passages like the wind. Mrs. Charlesworth was snatched up in her bed bolt upright, and "shaken all to death." The household was alarmed by "a many strange noises;" the cows "lamented" (the horses pined), and the dog howled, after which, on one occasion, about three o'clock a.m., there was "something louder than the dog." At another time, there was a more palpable apparition, a phantom resembling the dreaded Manx dog described by Sir Walter Scott in "Feveril of the Peak." The regular house (terrier) rushed in one night, and after it was "the shape of another dog all on fire," which ran through a closed door, and then vanished, though without any smell of brimstone, as on cross-examination was acknowledged. The creature most impressed on this occasion was the original animal, which, after the disappearance of his double in this remarkable way, took up his seat behind the door, and put his tongue out to such a purpose that it seemed, as the witness deposed, "a quarter of a yard long."

The office of James Tunnickiff, the witch-doctor—the champion of society against the dealings of the Devil—was to remove these evils and defend the house from the visitations. In this he described himself as suffering cruelly from the severity of the battle. Every reader will recollect the affecting story in the "Arabian Nights," where the Lady of Beauty, in attempting to restore to his natural shape a Prince bewitched by a Genie, the son of a daughter of Eblis, combats her antagonist in the successive shapes of a lion, a scorpion, an eagle, a cat, a worm, a gourd, and a fish, but is herself reduced to ashes in the moment of victory. The conflicts of James Tunnickiff with his adversaries were scarcely less terrible, though a good deal more remunerative. Wizard after wizard (local sorcerers) was specified as being the author of the mischief prevailing, and was encountered accordingly by the witch-doctor, sometimes face to face, sometimes through conjurations operating at a distance. One contest was very stubborn, but Tunnickiff undertook to floor his man (Wilson is his name) "in three days." On another night he had a most desperate bout. Going into a room by himself, he observed, it "would be either death or glory to him," and when he came out again, although, as he announced, victorious, "there was a blueness over him"—so deposed the wife of the prosecutor. The wizard's implements in this grapple with the powers of darkness were "a knife and plate." If a fork and a mutton-chop had been added, the selection would not have been a bad one.

When he first came into Charlesworth's house upon his errand of relief, he pronounced ineffectually that all the cows (twenty-seven in number) were bewitched, as also two horses, their proprietor, his wife, the dairy-maid, and the cheese-kettle. The fees asked for a cure were 5s. 6d. per cow, and 5s. each for the maid, kettle, and master of the house. The mistress was pronounced but imperfectly bewitched, and her restoration, it was said, could be accomplished by "taking one bit out of her dress." Altogether, some £5 or £7 passed on this occasion. Shortly afterwards the whole stock of the farm was reported to be under spells, and this time the charges, owing to the number of patients, fell rather heavily. Fifty sheep, twelve "stirks," eleven calves, and twelve pigs (the latter at 5s. 6d. per head, had to be paid for, in addition to which a crown-piece was put down for the baby! Notwithstanding these investments, things still went wrong, and the master and mistress continued to dream themselves as bewitched from April, 1856, till February, 1857, when the prisoner, in the exercise of some sudden flash of reason, was sent about his more legitimate business. This was followed by an equally sensible proceeding. Tunnickiff was given into custody, and has now to endure the penalty of too much learning.

## CRUELTY ON SHIPBOARD.

HUGH ORR was indicted at Exeter, last week, for the wilful murder of Edward Devue, on the high seas, on the 3rd of July last. A case of such fearful cruelty and atrocity as the one now detailed was perhaps scarcely ever heard of. The prisoner, a fine-looking man, was the captain of a vessel called the Hannah Jane, of about 120 tons burden. The deceased was a black man, a native of Boston, in the United States, about thirty-two years of age; and was engaged as cook in the ship. The crew of the ship consisted of the captain, six men, and a boy. In February, 1856, the vessel sailed from London to Newcastle for a cargo of coals, and then proceeded to Senegal, then to Cape Verde Islands, to Rio Grande, and then back to England. While they were in the Senegal river, the captain commenced a most extraordinary series of cruelties—beating and flogging the cook day by day for four weeks, until, becoming weaker and weaker from these cruelties, he at length died on the 3rd of July. He was beaten by the captain and mate with ropes, with broom handles, and with a "cat," and when his back was raw he was scrubbed with a brush. The poor fellow used to cry for mercy, and called upon the crew to come and help him, but the crew dared not interfere. When the vessel reached Rio Grande, the crew informed the Consul there of the treatment the cook had received, and of his death; but he said he could not do anything in the matter. The ship arrived at Plymouth in December, and then an inquiry was instituted, which ended in the captain being sent to prison for trial.

The following is a portion of the evidence of one witness only:—Thomas Appleby, a seaman, said—I saw dice and flogged every night. I was at the wheel for three weeks or a month, and I have heard cries in the cabin on the other nights. I saw his back twice. Once was the night before that on which he died. It had sores all over it; parts where you could see the skin all knocked up, broken and raw. The night before that on which he died, I saw both the captain and mate do him. He was lashed down to a chest by the thumbs, so that his back was rounded. I counted 353 lashes. I have seen the captain beat him with the lizard. He struck him on the cheek with it nine days before he died. It cut his cheek open. For about ten or eleven days the cook (deceased) was missing. All hands looked for him. We found him on the cargo in the hold. The mate pulled him out, and then the captain took hold of him and pulled him out of the hatchway, and then kicked him aft into the cabin, swearing all the time. When they were in the cabin I heard cries forward. The day before the night he died he was lying on the deck; the captain turned him over, and said, 'Let's have a look at you, old dandy;' he tore his shirt right up, and I saw the back all over sores. The captain told the boy to fetch the oil-can, and he oiled the cook all over. The captain ordered the cook's chest to be brought up, and he put a shirt upon him, and he told him he might live in the long-boat or in the topgallant forecastle, which is an open place. The captain gave him a biscuit. I did not see the cook till eight o'clock at night; he then called for Jack Haver. I went and found the cook under the topgallant forecastle, lying in his clothes; he seemed very weak and very bad. I remained with him two hours. He asked for tea. I went to the mate for it, but could not get it. I went again about four o'clock in the morning, and found him dead and stiff.

The jury returned a verdict of Guilty of Manslaughter, and the prisoner was sentenced to be transported for life.

**BURNING OF A RAILWAY STATION.**—The Newnall station, on the Waterford and Limerick Railway, was recently destroyed by fire. The fire being discovered by some constables, they hurried to the spot, and found the station-master, his wife, and their children just escaped from their beds, gazing on the flames in terror. A little child, nine months old, was still within the burning mass of building, into which it was impossible to penetrate. The child was of course burned to death; and the station was totally destroyed.

**INQUIRY INTO THE LOSS OF THE MADRID.**—An official inquiry was opened on Friday (the 20th) into the loss of the mail-steamer Madrid, which was wrecked near the port of Vigo. After hearing the statement of the Captain (Bradshaw), of Lieut. Tickell, in charge of the mails, and other persons, the magistrates and nautical assessors pronounced the entire acquittal of Captain Bradshaw. Considering that the existence of the rocks on which the Madrid struck was not known, and not marked in the Admiralty chart, he was exonerated from blame, and his certificate was therefore returned. But at the same time the court thought it prudent, as a general rule, to give a wider berth to headlands of every description than that which Captain Bradshaw gave in rounding Point Hombre. Captain Bradshaw rounded the Point at half a cable's length; and struck immediately after upon the unknown reef.

## MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

We last week illustrated our pages with an exterior view of the "Memorial Church" about to be erected at Constantinople, and alluded to the circumstances that led to the project of raising such a monument to those brave and gallant Englishmen who fell in their country's service during the Russian war. The accompanying engraving represents the interior of the same edifice.

Our able contemporary, the "Saturday Review," thus discusses the



merit of the architectural plan that has been adopted:—"Mr. Burges, in selecting his *motif*, has proposed to himself a task of peculiar delicacy, which only those who have made mediæval Church architecture a matter of specific study can duly appreciate. Among the characteristics which distinguish the churches of England from those of the Continent, not the least prominent is the timidity which our architects have shown in seldom repeating upon a lesser scale, and for churches of minor dignity, certain forms and arrangements which are considered here, and nowhere else, the nearly peculiar attribute of cathedrals and important abbeys. In the few instances where deviations are to be found—as in St Saviour's, Southwark, New Shoreham, St. Bartholomew's by Smith-field, and, on an even smaller scale, in the round churches of the Temple and Cambridge—the result is so piquant as to elicit from the most fastidious and insular critics an expression of regret that our English architects of yore had adhered so rigidly to their idiosyncrasy, and that those of the present day never ventured to relax a trammel which it was almost pedantic to maintain. The inexorable £20,000 would clearly

breaking up of the internal area consequent on it eliminates the blank spaces which would otherwise be calling out for frescoes. The aisle-windows also—sufficiently high up and small to meet the difficulty of over-glare—and the distribution of polychrome material, all contribute to the same end. Withal, the ritual exigencies are met by placing the stalls of the officiators in the crossing of the lantern, while the altar itself stands forward in the apse within eyeshot and earshot of all.

"The final problem—how to roof this church—has been dealt with by Mr. Burges with great felicity. Not to have groined a church of this character would have been to have deprived it of half its dignity—how to groin it so as to save expense, and obviate the risk of earthquakes, was a task of no small difficulty. No one need be told that of all our architectural operations none involves so frightful an outlay as groining. There is not only the cost of the groin itself, and of hoisting it into its place—there is not only the cost of those abutments, thickened walls, buttresses flying, and buttresses clinging—which are needed to resist its thrust; but there is that preliminary expense which leaves no trace of

#### SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE conduct of few public men has rendered them the object of such severe attacks as during the past few weeks have been levelled against her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China. We, among others, have felt it our duty to condemn the proceedings of Sir John Bowring in reference to the Canton affair, but this shall certainly not prevent us from doing him full justice in the brief sketch which we here purpose to give of that remarkable career which has conducted him to European celebrity and secured him the governorship of Hong Kong.

About sixty-five years ago, on the 17th of October, 1792, Sir John Bowring was born at Exeter. His family had for a long time been connected with the woollen trade in the West of England; and he received the elements of his education at a rustic school near Dartmoor. His regular studies were, however, interrupted. At fourteen, he was called from his books to assist in the trade of his father, which mainly consisted in preparing goods for China and the Spanish Peninsula. While thus engaged in duties which are harsh to those who "want something to occupy the mind," young

Bowring formed studious habits, and strove to acquire knowledge of every description. His prime ambition being to master languages, he succeeded, before his sixteenth year, in acquiring French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; and ere long he made himself proficient in the Dutch and German tongues. His subsequent efforts in this line were attended with marvellous success; and, as time passed on, he learned to speak and write the Slavonic dialects, in Russian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Slavonian, and Ulyan; the Scandinavian, in Icelandic, Swedish, and Danish; Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Frisian, and Allemannish; Estonian, Lettish and Finnish; Hungarian, Biscayan, French, Provençal, and Gascon; Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Catalanian, Valencian, and Galician.

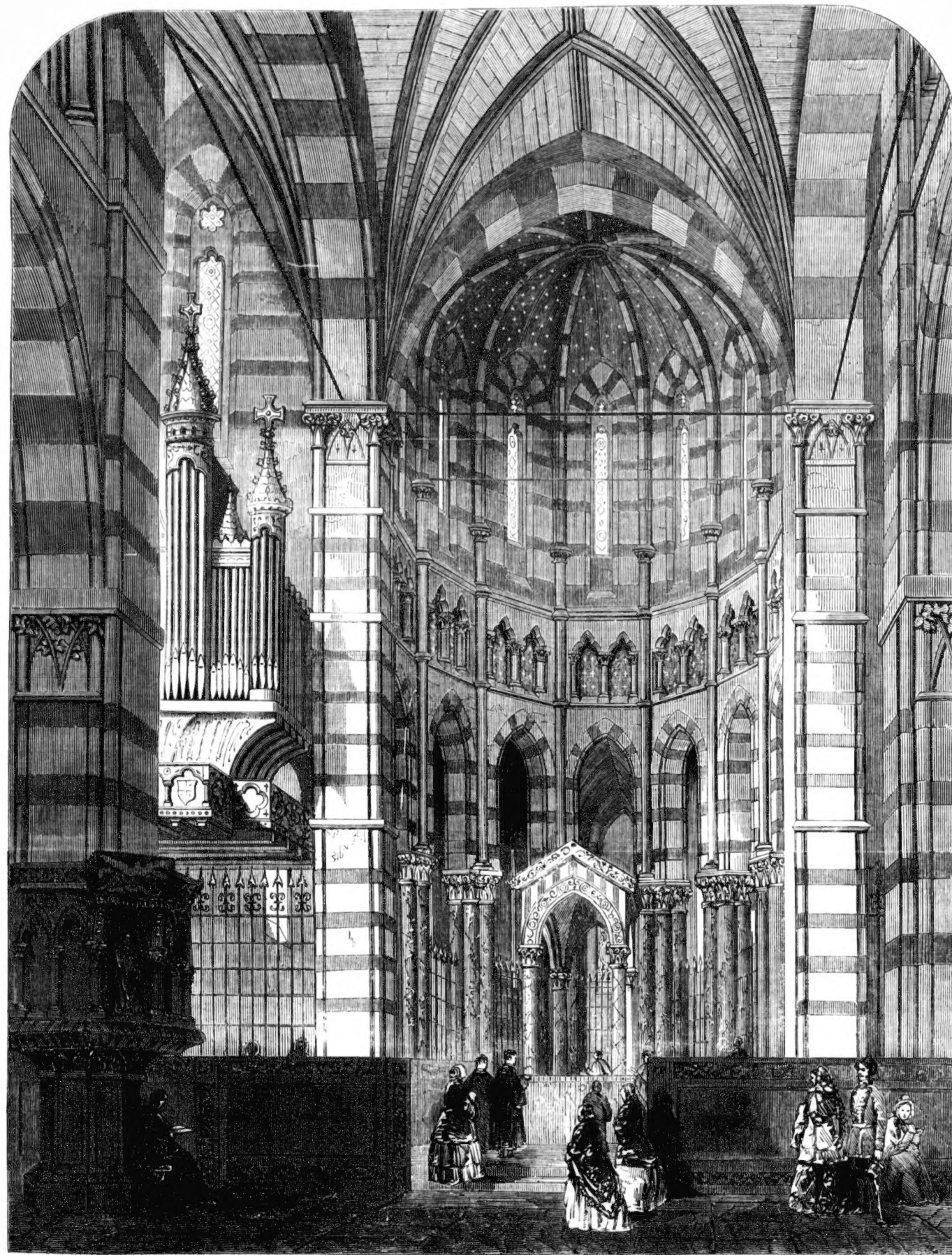
Meanwhile, Mr. Bowring was pursuing that commercial career to which he had been dedicated by his friends. During the war which led to the overthrow of Napoleon, he visited the Peninsula, and had large quantities of merchandise consigned to him while there; and he afterwards, in a commercial capacity, found his way to various European countries, making himself acquainted with their manners and languages.

Bowring had early turned his attention to the literature and economy of commerce, and his great ability, as well as his extensive acquirements, at length brought him into notice with the English Government. In 1828, he was sent to the Low Countries, to examine into the manner of keeping the public accounts. He was engaged, with Sir Henry Parnell, in a similar mission in France in 1830; and his reports in both these spheres were laid before Parliament. In the following year, in conjunction with Mr. Villiers, he examined the tariffs of England and France, with the view to their relaxation. In 1834, Dr. Bowring proceeded to Belgium, and in 1835 to Switzerland, visiting also Italy in 1836, and subsequently Egypt, with a view of promoting the principles of Free-trade in their application to commerce with this country. Dr. Bowring's movements, however, in prosecuting his various peaceful missions, were not always unobstructed in the countries visited. On one occasion, he was arrested in France, on the plea of being a fomentor of liberal opinions; but it is more probable that his detention was planned in order to obtain possession of some despatches to Spain of which he was the bearer. His banishment from the French territory was pronounced perpetual, but he was again on the soil of France in 1830, when deputed by the citizens of London to congratulate the French people on the overthrow of the Bourbons.

While in youth Dr. Bowring became a political pupil of Jeremy Bentham; and he afterwards maintained his master's principles for some years in the "Westminster Review," of which, at one period, he exercised the functions of editor. He had always been a consistent advocate of Parliamentary Reform; and when the great battle had been fought and the victory won, he appeared as a candidate for the representation of Blackburn. Unsuccessful at that place, he was subsequently elected by the inhabitants of Bolton, and sat in Parliament till 1849, when he was appointed by Lord J. Russell to be British Consul at Hong Kong. Far from being an idle member of Parliament, Dr. Bowring devoted himself with exemplary assiduity to the discharge of his duties. Directing his attention chiefly to financial affairs and matters connected with the Board of Trade, he was selected to act as chairman of many important committees. He was most active in the committees on the hand-loom weavers, Irish education, and on the state of the arts as applied to the manufactures of the country, and spoke frequently and earnestly on Parliamentary Reform and the education of the people. As a Parliamentary speaker, Dr. Bowring had his full share of peculiarities of manner, like most men of strong political convictions; but all outward eccentricity was forgotten in the honesty of purpose which characterised his Parliamentary career.

While on his way to China, in 1849, the people of Malta presented Dr. Bowring with a handsome service of plate as a reward for his advocacy in Parliament of the interests of the Maltese. He returned to England in 1853, and in the following year he was honoured with knighthood, and appointed to the Governorship of Hong Kong, an office which he forthwith assumed, and has since held. In 1855 he proceeded on a mission to the King of Siam, and during a brief sojourn in that country, succeeded in negotiating a treaty of commerce in every way advantageous to British interests.

As an author, Sir John Bowring has won high reputation. He is better known by his poetical than by his political writings, and has supplied a number of versions of the poetical literature of various races of whom little before was known. His "Matins and Vespers," "Russian Anthology," and other writings, have found their way in reprints to the United States. Groningen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws and Philosophy. He is also a member of the Institute of the Netherlands, of the Asiatic Societies of Paris and London, and of the Royal Societies of Bavaria and Hungary. The poetry of Bohemia and Hungary were first made known to this country through the medium of his translations. Sir John Bowring's latest work, entitled "The People and Kingdom of Siam," has only made its appearance during the last week or two; a review of it will be found on another page. Sir John is less known than he should be, in his own land, as a poet, and as the accomplished translator of the poetry of foreign nations. His translation of the Russian poet Derzhavin's beautiful composition on "The Supreme Being," is one of his finest productions, and has been extensively circulated in the East and elsewhere.



MEMORIAL CHURCH TO BE ERECTED AT CONSTANTINOPLE: INTERIOR VIEW.—(DESIGNED BY W. BURGESS.)

only allow the architect who wished to make his Memorial Church dignified to concentrate his expression of dignity in one effect, towards which it behooved him to design his whole structure. This one effect Mr. Burges has sought in a feature of his interior which gives him the opportunity of making the desired inroad on conventionalism. The occasion was felicitous, for, in the English church of Constantinople, Anglican arrangements ought obviously to be treated in the most liberal spirit. No less felicitous is the practical benefit which he draws from it. In the words of the judges:—"As a Memorial Church, the building in question should be especially designed so contain monuments. For this purpose the aisles have been carried round the apse, so as to afford a space for that purpose, which at the same time greatly adds to the effect of the interior by giving to it open pier arches which sustain the apse."

"This peculiar effect is enhanced by the whole internal height of the church being divided into the triple division of arcade, triforium, and clerestorey. The advantages of this are manifold. The apparent elevation is enhanced, the bulk of the expensive marble pillars is diminished, and the

itself when the work is completed, except in the cash-box of the paymaster. We allude to the wooden centring on which, during the progress of construction, rests the whole *onus* (in its most literal sense) of the security of life and limb of the ponderous monster overhead. With even Mr. Burges's comparatively small dimensions, with his width broken up between nave and aisles, a stone groin to resist earthquakes would have been a most anxious experiment, constructionally and financially. Accordingly, the architect faces his difficulty by an expedient for which he finds authority at Salisbury. He groins, not with stone, but with a species of concrete or cement, floated over the stone ribs, which is at once easy to lay, and light in weight, and, if shaken by earthquakes, will probably merely crack, instead of falling down in a death-bearing shower. As to further security, he boldly and simply ties his building together, as old architects were not ashamed of doing, with iron rods. The style in which this clever conception is carried out is perhaps, externally, a little too purely Italian-Gothic. Inside, however, particularly in the apse, we see strong indications of Northern-Pointed, particularly that of France."



Sir John Bowring possesses many proofs of the estimation in which his talents have been held by European sovereigns. From the Czar of Russia he received a diamond ring for his translations; a gold medal from the King of Holland, in acknowledgment of his productions in Dutch literature; and he was made Knight of the Order of Christ by the Queen of Portugal.

Soon after his return from China in 1853 Sir John Bowring was invited to meet the members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce previously to the assumption of his duties as Governor of Hong Kong. On this occasion, he delivered an address, of which decimal coinage and our commercial relations with China were the more prominent topics. From his own experience he avouched his belief that the Chinese empire was destined to fulfil a great mission through the nations of the East.

#### OPENING OF THE GOLDEN LANE SCHOOLS.

It is satisfactory to observe that the great social questions which press so importantly upon us are not altogether lost in the din of politics and the excitement of a dissolution. The Chinese question is important, but more important is the problem which presents itself before us in the multitude of houseless, foodless, and ignorant creatures which unhappily form a large proportion of the inhabitants of our great towns. This problem will force itself upon us only too long, we fear, after all interest in Chinese questions has passed over, and we gladly hail any little forward step toward its solution. The opening of the schools of St. Thomas Charterhouse, therefore, is not to be dismissed in a paragraph.

These schools are erected at the end of Golden Lane (near the Charterhouse), at the narrowest and almost the dirtiest part of that most narrow and dirty thoroughfare. One might almost be led to suppose that the choice of site had been guided by reference to the place where children did most abound, for anything like the infant population of the surrounding neighbourhood we never witnessed. Children of all ages and sizes, and displaying all the various degrees of dirt and squalor, form the very staple of the population. They cover the footways, they fill the gutters, every creviced window is full of them, and courts and noisome by-ways seem to have no other tenants. It would be hardly possible to see collected together anywhere, so many stunted, ragged, neglected children, so many pale, and wan, and faded, and undergrown young people, or, indeed, so much premature, blighted, hungered, and crippled old age. Every one of the 10,000 times that, on the occasion of the opening of the schools, glared through the windows of the splendid carriages as they passed rapidly along, asked as plainly as dumb expressions could ask, for more air, more food, more exercise, and more education. From the poor people thus packed and huddled up on the kerbstones, might be drawn the strongest arguments in favour of educational and other establishments of a humanising character, and it is something that in such a neighbourhood these schools are built.



SIR JOHN BOWRING, F.R.S., H.M. PLENIPOTENTIARY IN CHINA.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1854, BY MR. R. THOMAS OF PAUL MALL, LONDON.)

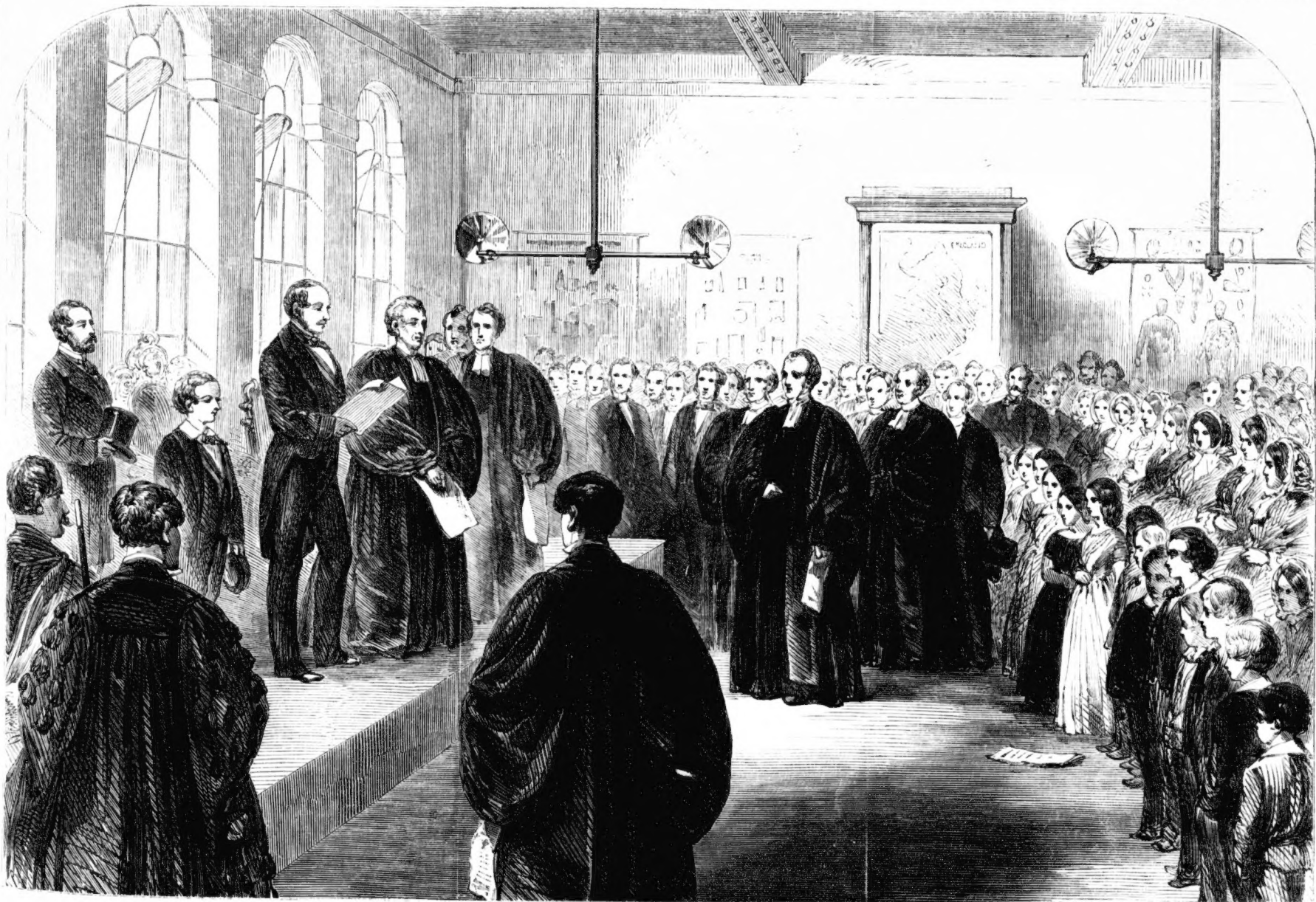
They are plain, unpretending edifices, substantially erected, and well finished. Their architectural style is a modification of the Byzantine; but except two somewhat ornamental porches, the façade is plain, and the only effect obtained is produced by the use of coloured bricks. Great attention has been given to the fittings and school apparatus, which are most com-

plete and of substantial character, to meet the wear and tear of such a colony of children as that for which they are provided. On the ground storey is the infant school, 66 feet by 29, and 13 feet in height, and a well-paved and airy playground. On the first floor is the girl's school, over the infant school, and of the same dimensions, and a lecture-room 28 feet by 14, but with a recess for a gallery. On the top storey is the boys' school, 67 feet by 30 feet, 13 feet high at the sides, and 17 feet in the middle, where it occupies part of the space in the roof, and a lecture-room 21 feet by 14 feet. The necessary hat and cloak-rooms, washing-rooms, &c., are attached to each school, and rooms for a porter and his wife. There is a basement storey, containing kitchen, scullery, &c., and the heating apparatus. Desk accommodation is provided for 264 boys, and a similar number of girls are provided for at desks in working classes and in the gallery; 372 infants are also accommodated in the galleries and at the writing desks, giving a total of 900 children in all. The rooms are well lighted with gas reflectors, so that ample provision is made for evening classes for adults and those whose occupations prevent their attendance by day. The cost of the building, including warming and school fittings, but exclusive of the cost of the site, is £5,681. The best and most succinct history of this noble undertaking, is to be found in Mr. Rogers's opening address, portions of which we subjoin. Mr. Rogers, we may here say, is the rector of this poor and populous district, and to his most honourable exertion is mainly due the erection of the schools of the district, these and others.

The opening of the building was inaugurated on Thursday week by Prince Albert; and the interest taken in the ceremony was evidenced by the long lines of carriages that filled the whole of Old Street, but in a still more remarkable manner by the dense crowds of the local population that blocked up Golden Lane. His Royal Highness arrived with his usual punctuality at three o'clock, and a procession was immediately formed, and proceeded to the girls' school-room, on the first floor, where a dais and chair of state had been arranged for his Royal Highness's reception. The Prince was accompanied by the Prince of Wales; and amongst the visitors were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Deans of Windsor, St. Paul's, and Salisbury, a great number of the metropolitan clergy, the Marquis of Abercorn, Earl Granville, Lord R. Grosvenor, Hon. — Couper, and many other influential persons. The body of the room was completely filled with a fashionable company, consisting chiefly of ladies. The Prince having taken his seat Mr. Rogers proceeded with his address.

After alluding to the influence which the Prince has "ever exerted in aid of education and enlightenment," the Rev. Gentleman said:—

"This district, Sir, is perhaps one of the poorest and most destitute in London. The inhabitants consist, for the most part, of people who get their livelihood in the streets, few of them rising above the small retail



THE OPENING OF THE NEW SCHOOLS OF ST. THOMAS CHARTERHOUSE.



dealer, and utterly incapable, from their own resources, of instituting religious and educational establishments for themselves, and twelve years ago there were no schools at all for these poor people. Our beginnings were small. At first a few children were collected together in a blacksmith's deserted shed. This shed was soon found insufficient, and we built a fair parochial school. This was soon filled to overflowing, and now our small beginning has resulted in a great establishment, and school accommodation has been provided for 1,400 children in good substantial buildings, secured for the purposes of education for ever. The cost of these erections, including some classrooms added last summer, amounts to nearly £10,000. There are 977 scholars in the day-schools, 500 in the evening-school, 300 in the Sunday-schools, exclusive of the day-scholars who attend on Sunday, making in all 1,777 scholars.

"Attached to the establishment is a drawing-school, well supplied by the Department of Art with all necessary models and examples, and instructed by masters from Marlborough House. The success of this has been very signal. One great feature in these schools is, that though the children are drawn from the poor and working classes, they are, for the most part, self-supported. The rate of payment varies according to the position of the parent and the education of the scholar, from 2d. per week to £1 per quarter, the total sum paid by scholars' fees alone amounting last year to nearly £900, so that we have done more than build schools and teach children. We have taught parents to value the work, and to make great efforts to help it."

These extraordinary efforts to reclaim the district from ignorance and idleness were, however, not yet deemed enough. "It was determined," continued Mr. Rogers, "to erect schools of such size and completeness, and to maintain them in such thorough efficiency, as would secure even to the poorest as good an education as can be brought within the reach of any. With this design the promoters represented the wild condition of these children and their inability to attend the existing schools to the Lord President of the Council, and, on his Lordship's recommendation, the Committee of Council on Education were pleased to vote an extraordinary grant of two-thirds of the expense for erecting a new building for the purpose of extending the benefits of education to the poorest class."

"These additional schools are those your Royal Highness will announce open to-day, erected at the cost of £8,500, and capable of accommodating 1,000 children. The total sum thus expended in school buildings in this district amounts to upwards of £18,000, and accommodation is provided for 2,500 scholars. To these schools the poorest class will be admitted for the small fee of 1d. per week, and even this is asked of them only because we do not consider our work complete unless we can induce the parents to show in some substantial manner an interest in the welfare of their children. And now all classes in this neighbourhood will have the benefit of a sound education."

Prince Albert, in reply to this most gratifying statement, pointed out that the progress of the schools afforded a fine illustration of the divine truth that a principle of good once sown is not destined to lie dormant, but to develop itself in ever-increasing usefulness. Addressing Mr. Rogers, he said—

"The means you have adopted to effect your work of benevolence appear no less deserving of commendation than the object itself. You have not been content with a bare attempt to force, perhaps upon unwilling recipients, a boon the value of which might not be appreciated, but you have wisely sought to work upon the convictions and natural feelings of the parents of the children you wish to benefit, by extending your assistance to those who by a small contribution out of their hardly-won earnings have proved that they are awake to a sense of the vast importance it is to their offspring that the means of being fitted to pass successfully through life, and, by honest industry, to better their worldly condition, should be brought within their reach. It is a source of high personal gratification to me, that I have been enabled by my presence here this day, and by that of the Prince of Wales, to mark not only my own appreciation of your labours, but also the deep interest which the Queen takes in the wellbeing of the poorest of her subjects; and that gratification will be greatly enhanced if by this public expression of the sympathy of the Queen and of her family and government this noble cause shall be still further advanced. Most earnestly do I pray that the same success which has hitherto blessed your labours may continue to attend your future progress, and that your example may stimulate other localities to imitate your useful efforts."

This address was much applauded. The children sang a hymn; the Bishop of London read prayers and pronounced a blessing; and Prince Albert declared the schools open. On his departure, the Prince and his son were the objects of an ovation from the myriads of ragged children who swarmed outside the schools.

**THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.**—On Saturday, at a meeting in this matter at Vice-Chancellor Kindersley's chambers, before Mr. Pugh, his chief clerk, a call of £75 per share was declared on all those shareholders who had been placed on the list since January; but, through the insolvency and absence from this country of the shareholders liable to pay, such is the state of the affairs that it is expected the call will scarcely realise £1,000 altogether. Mr. Esdaile, the late governor, was subjected to a long examination by Mr. Field and Mr. H. Harris on behalf of numerous shareholders, who contest their liability on the ground that the bank was founded on fraud; and amongst other facts and figures not yet elicited in bankruptcy, it was stated by Mr. Esdaile, in the course of his examination, that in the returns made to the Board of Trade were included shares put down in the name of Cameron and others to the value of £7,500, secured by promissory notes, but of which £4,300 was never paid. Before the bank began business a loan was made to Sir J. Mackenzie of £7,500, the object of it being, he believed, to make interest in the money before beginning business. There were no columns in the bank ledgers for "good, bad, or doubtful bills," but the system adopted was this: Those paid were struck out with "red ink;" those bad were struck out with "black;" and those that were "doubtful" were struck out partly in "black" and partly in "red ink," which in the bank went by the name of "half mourning."

#### LORD JOHN RUSSELL IN THE CITY.

On Thursday of last week, a densely crowded meeting of the friends and supporters of Lord J. Russell, was held in the large room of the London Tavern, Mr. Thomas Hankey, M.P., in the chair.

The Noble Lord on entering was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and cries were raised of "Adjourn to the Guildhall." This, however, was declared to be impossible; and silence being restored, the Noble Lord proceeded with his address. "He was there," he said, "to appeal against the decision of a society calling itself the 'City of London Liberal Registration,' that wished to exclude him from the representation of the City. If a gentleman wished to discharge his duty as a member of the City, he must first give him a hearing. He would say—'John (roars of laughter), you are getting old; you have made a few mistakes, and I wish that you would leave me to make way for a young man from Northampton.' (A roared laughter.) He would say that, and give 'John' an opportunity of arguing in reply that all his energies were not quite gone, and that he was good for five or six years longer. This Registration Society, however, had followed an opposite course. They had dismissed him without a hearing, and he now appealed to the citizens of London to say whether they ratified that determination." The Noble Lord then proceeded to review his political career since he was last elected, justifying his votes in Parliament, and the course he had taken generally with regard to the questions of the day.

At the close of his Lordship's speech, a resolution pledging the meeting to give him their utmost support, was moved and carried.

#### MR. DISRAELI AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

MR. DISRAELI has published an address to his constituents, in which he says:—"Since the announcement of the dissolution, the Minister has declared that his agents in China will be superseded, thus acknowledging the justness of the vote of the House of Commons. It is clear, therefore, that the plea for dissolution is a pretext. What then is the real object? To waste a year. Lord Palmerston is an eminent man, who has deserved well of his country; but as Prime Minister he occupies a false position. He is the Tory chief of a Radical Cabinet. With no domestic policy, he is obliged to divert the attention of the people, from the consideration of their own 'Tairs, to the distraction of foreign politics. His external system is turbulent and aggressive, that his rule at home may be tranquil and unassailed. Hence arise excessive expenditure, heavy taxation, and the stoppage of all social improvement. His scheme of conduct is so devoid of all political principle that when forced to appeal to the people his only claim to their confidence is his name. Such arts and resources may suit the despotic ruler of a continental State exhausted by revolutions, but they do not become a British Minister governing a country proud, free, and progressive, animated by glorious traditions, and aspiring to future excellence. The general policy which I would enforce at this juncture may be contained in these words—Honourable peace, reduced taxation, and social improvement."

#### LORD PALMERSTON'S ADDRESS.

LORD PALMERSTON has issued an address to the electors of Tiverton. He says, "The question which is submitted to the judgment of the country is, whether the men to whose hands shall be committed the destinies of the nation, and whether that charge shall continue to be confined to the present administration, or whether it shall be transferred to that aggregation of hitherto discordant elements, by whose combined action on a late occasion a vote of censure was passed upon her Majesty's Government." His Lordship then goes on to review the conduct of his Government, explaining that they "carried on with energy and vigour the war in which the country was engaged; and the result was a treaty of peace which accomplished the objects of the war, and which secured for the allies conditions which some had deemed it unreasonable to propose, and impossible to obtain." The Persian war and the resumption of diplomatic relations with the United States are then adverted to in a congratulatory spirit; and the sanction of parties to the withdrawal of the British and French mission from Naples is said to be proved from the fact that no motion had been brought forward on that subject. Then the China question is again adverted to. The conduct of our representatives at Canton is defended; but, says the Noble Lord, "a combination of political parties—not till the last session united—carried a resolution, declaring the course pursued by our officers in China unjustifiable, and consequently censuring her Majesty's Government for having approved that course. Will the British nation give their support to men who have thus endeavoured to make the humiliation and degradation of their country a stepping-stone to power? I confidently assert that such will not be the answer that will be given to the appeal now made to the electors of the United Kingdom."

Lord Palmerston then maps out the general policy of his Government, as follows:—"We offer to the country a government founded upon far different principles. Abroad, it will be our earnest endeavour to procure peace, but peace with honour and with safety—peace with the maintenance of national rights—peace with security to our fellow-countrymen in foreign lands. At home, our guiding principles will be judicious and well-regulated economy, progressive improvement in all that concerns the welfare of the nation, the continued diffusion of education among the people, and such well-considered reforms as from time to time may be required by change of circumstances and by the increasing growth of intelligence."

#### ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

**BERKSHIRE.**—Lord Barrington, the Conservative colleague of Messrs. Palmer and Vansittart, has retired, and a contest is probable. Mr. Philip Pleydell Bouvier, a relative of the late Mr. Pusey, is a candidate.

**BERKSHIRE.**—Mr. Scott holds the honour of being again returned for this county. Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk, is spoken of as likely to contest the county on the Liberal side.

**BURY ST. EDMUND'S.**—Lord Jermyn and Mr. Porteus Oakes, the late members, offer themselves for re-election in the Conservative interest. Mr. Hardcastle, of Writtle, is the only gentleman at present named to come forward in the Liberal interest.

**BUCKINGHAM.**—The Marquis of Chandos has announced his intention to offer himself. The Hon. R. Cavendish, of Thornton Hall, has issued an address on the Liberal interest, and intimates that he will give Lord Palmerston's Government his general support. Mr. Philip Box, a gentleman locally connected, has offered himself as a candidate as a Liberal-Conservative.

**BRIGHTON.**—Mr. Kennedy, in order to avoid a division in the Liberal interest, has retired from the contest, and Mr. Coningham has a good prospect of success.

**BURY.**—Mr. Smith, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, has left Buryport and put up for Bedford as a Radical. He has received promises of support from the Tories, and in reality his principal support will be from that party. Thousands of handbills, highly laudatory of Mr. Smith, continually arrive from London.

**CHICHESTER.**—Mr. Stafford King has entered the lists as a candidate. In his address, he says he shall inscribe on his banner, "Lord Palmerston and the honour of England abroad, and social and progressive improvements and reforms at home."

**CUMBERLAND (WEST).**—Mr. Wilford Lawson, son and heir of Sir Wilford Lawson, of Bratton Hall, starts on the "Blue" or Liberal interest with the most sanguine hopes of wresting one seat from the Conservatives, whose candidates on this occasion are Captain Lowther and Colonel Wyndham.

**DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.**—Besides the late members, two other gentlemen are candidates for this seat of learning. A fifth is spoken of.

**DUNDALK.**—Mr. Arncliffe has received a requisition, signed by upwards of 700 electors, and will probably oppose Sir John Ogilvie. The contest will mainly turn on the Maynooth question.

**EDINBURGH.**—Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Lawrence Oliphant having, according to report, declined to stand for the northern metropolis, Mr. Black and Mr. Cowan are likely to be returned without opposition.

**HUDDESFIELD.**—The election will take place to-day (Saturday). Both Mr. Akroyd and Mr. Cobden have been carrying on an active canvass, and holding two or three meetings each day in Huddersfield and the villages within the borough.

**HEREFORDSHIRE.**—Sir H. Cotterell's canvass has been very successful, and an attempt will be made by the Liberals to return two, if not three, members for this county. Mr. William Jones and Mr. Josias Raisbeck are mentioned as the probable candidates.

**KIDDERMINSTER.**—Mr. Boycott declares his determination to go to the poll against Mr. Lowe.

**LEOMINSTER.**—Mr. Phillimore has withdrawn from the contest for the borough, and has issued a long address to the electors in explanation.

**MIDDLESBROUGH.**—Mr. Hanbury, of the firm of Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton, the brewers, is the candidate in place of Mr. Bernal Osborne.

**NEWCASTLE.**—Messrs. Headlam, Ridley, and Cartlairs have been diligently pursuing their canvass. All the candidates avow themselves Liberals and general supporters of Lord Palmerston. It was expected that the Tories would bring forward a candidate; but Mr. Hodgson Hinde, their favourite, declines to come forward.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE (SOUTH).**—Lord Althorpe is straining every nerve to secure his return for the southern division of the county, and it is thought that unless his Conservative opponents (Rainald Knightly and Howard Vyse) watch it very closely, one of them will be unseated.

**SALFORD.**—There are two Liberals in the field—Sir Elkanah Arncliffe and Mr. William Massey.

**SUNDERLAND.**—The ultra-Liberal party seem determined to spare no effort to unseat Mr. Fenwick, in order that their candidate, Mr. Ralph Walters, may be returned.

**WALLINGFORD.**—There will be a severe contest in this borough, Captain Sartoris (son-in-law of Lord Barrington) having expressed his determination to go to the poll against Mr. Malins, the late member.

**WALLS.**—Mr. Hayter is now on a visit to his constituents, and is pursuing an active canvass in conjunction with Mr. Edward Webster, who announces himself a warm advocate of Lord Palmerston's policy. Captain Jolliffe, the late Conservative member, is in the field.

**WOLGATE.**—Mr. Butt will have to struggle for his seat in the oft-contested borough. His opponent will be Mr. Smith of Ballinacra, a stout Tory, and a gentleman of considerable local influence. His sister is Princess of Capua, and sister-in-law to the King of Naples.

#### JUDGMENT IN THE LIDDELL CASE.

THE Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the appeals of Liddell v. Westerton, and Liddell v. Beal, from the Court of Arches, delivered judgment on Saturday. Their Lordships have concluded that crosses, as distinguished from crucifixes, having been in use as ornaments for churches from the earliest periods of Christianity, are admissible when not used as objects of superstitious reverence; and that the wooden cross erected on the chancel screen for St. Barnabas, being considered mere architectural ornament, they advise her Majesty to reverse the former judgment. Upon the question whether the stone structure is a communion-table within the meaning of the Canons and Rubric, their Lordships are clearly of opinion that it is not, and they have also given a similar opinion with regard to the existence of a cross attached to the communion-table of St. Paul's, and they therefore recommend that upon these points the decree should be affirmed. They also recommend a reversal of the sentence in reference to the credence tables and the embroidered cloths, thinking that the question of the suitability of the cloths might be left to the discretion of the ordinary. Upon the question of the embroidered linen and lace used on the communion-table at the time of the ministrations of the holy communion, the Rubric and Canon prescribed the use of a fair white linen cloth, and both the Learned Judges in the Court below had been of opinion that embroidery and lace were not consistent with the meaning of that expression, and in this view their Lordships concurred; and they therefore advised her Majesty to affirm the decree, stating, however, that they were not disposed in any case to restrict within narrower limits than the law had composed, the discretion which, within those limits, is justly allowed to congregations by the rule both of the Ecclesiastical and Common Law Courts. The effect of these judgments will be the reversal of just so much of the sentence of the Arches Court on each case as awards costs against the appellants, and that in those proceedings, as well as in the present appeals, each party will have to bear his own costs.

**IMPORTANT DECISION ON SLAVERY.**—The Supreme Court of the United States (the highest of the land) has decided that the ordinance of 1787, so far as it prohibited slavery from the north-west territory, was unconstitutional; that the Missouri Compromise, so far as it excluded slavery from the Louisiana territory north of 36 deg. 30 sec., was unconstitutional; that Congress had no power to prohibit slavery from any portion of the federal territory, nor to authorise the inhabitants thereof to do so; that negroes are not citizens of the United States; and that the residence of a slave in a free State does not affect his legal condition upon his return to a State where slavery is allowed by law.

#### INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. XXXVII.

##### PARLIAMENT DYING.

"But there is no Inner Life, nor Outer Life either; for Parliament is dead, dissolved, and its very elements scattered to the four winds of heaven." Well, then, we will chronicle the circumstances which attended its dying; its death-bed scenes; what it did, and what it said, and how it looked in its last hour. Ever since Lord Palmerston announced that he should "appeal to the country," the House has exhibited unmistakable symptoms that its end was near. That announcement was a fact its death-blow; and knowing that the blow was mortal it has done nothing since, but just "set its house in order," and prepare for its dismissal. The first thing that it did was to attend to its monetary concerns, or in other words, vote the necessary supplies, that there might be no inconvenience arise for want of cash when it should be dead and gone. Then it proceeded to stop and put an end to all works which it had projected, excepting such as it was absolutely necessary should be completed, the "Mutiny Bill," for instance. This Bill of course must be passed before another Parliament can be elected, the law will expire, and England would have been without an army if nothing had been done. For as the constitution of England does not recognise a standing army, this Mutiny Act, which is the law that recognises, legalises, and regulates the army, never passed for more than a year. During the transaction of this necessary business, of course the House has been very thin, composed principally of Government officials, Members who know that their seats are safe, metropolitan Members who live on the spot, and a few others who don't mean to come again, and therefore have no necessity to go down to their constituents.

##### "THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."

But though it was well known that Parliament must die, Members would talk even to the last, and so strong was the ruling passion, that even on Wednesday, which was the last day but one of its existence, no considerable time was spent in discussing the subjects of "Ministers' Money in Ireland," and Mr. Fagan, though perfectly conscious it would all be to no purpose, made a long speech upon his bill, and insisted that it should be read a second time; and Mr. Pellatt at the close of the sitting rushed into the House with fiery haste, and introduced two new bills, although of course they could go no further than the first reading. Our readers will wonder what all this can mean—why Mr. Fagan should be anxious to read his bill a second time, and why Mr. Pellatt should rush in at the last moment? Well, we will tell them. These gentlemen were "talking to Bunken," as the Americans phrase it. They were just going to their constituents, and they thought that this show of zeal would tell well for them on the hustings. In short, being about to die—"in a parliamentary sense"—they were naturally anxious to prepare to meet their constituents. It was a deadly-lively affair, that last discussion. There were about twenty Members present, all third-rate speakers, and at least two-thirds spoke, and at one time it really appeared as if they would continue till six o'clock, and talk the House out—but, the hand of death was upon them, all sport was gone; then voices sounded hollow and sepulchral, and at length the question was settled, literally because nobody could possibly say any more.

##### LAST MOMENTS.

On Saturday the end came. At half-past one the Speaker took the chair. For about a quarter of an hour the House employed itself in questioning the Noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government upon "a treaty with Morocco," then it "considered" some amendments to a Bill which the Lords had sent down, and then it calmly waited for its end, and exactly at two the end came; for as the hand of the clock pointed to that hour the "Black Rod" knocked at the door, which being swung open, this solemn messenger marched up to the table and summoned the House to the Bar of the Lords; whereupon Mr. Speaker arose, and followed by the Members went to the Bar to hear their doom, and in about a quarter of an hour returned—but how different! They went as "a House," they returned merely as private gentlemen; for the House was prorogued, and at that moment the *Gazette* was publishing which extinguished the last breath of its life. Mr. Speaker, as had been his wont, seated himself at the table, and read the speech to a few Members who clustered round him, and then, having shaken hands with them all, retired to his room, never more to enter the House in state again, and doffed his official robes, never more to put them on.

##### DEAD.

And so all is over. The Parliament of 1852 is dead—"gone," as old Gedge the Bury printer's epitaph says, "like an old type to its founder, to be recast in a new and better mould." "And now," said an Irish Member, "the Parliament is dead, what shall be its epitaph? We can't say, 'Here it lies,' for it don't lie here. Every mortal remnant is gone. But as it did lie here, we'll just say, 'Here it lied.'"

##### RESURGAM.

"The King is dead—long live the King!" Yes, as the monarch never dies—for as soon as one dies another begins to reign—so now it is with the Parliament. Already the country is in the birth throes of a new one. Before this paper sees the light, some returns will be made. In three weeks or a month, all the members will be elected; and in the first week in May they will assemble in the old place. Their first duty will be to choose a Speaker; but who that is likely to be, no one can tell. Mr. Stuart Wortley, who was mentioned, is *hors de combat*, struck down by disease; and, though there is hope of his recovery, we fear that it is out of the question to think of him as Speaker. Mr. Walpole has been mentioned; but he is on the wrong side of the House: Sir Frederick Thesiger ditto, and is moreover too old, being over sixty. Mr. Fitzroy, the present Chairman of Ways and Means, seems at present to be, in sporting phrase, "the favourite." Sir George Grey has been hinted at, and Mr. Baines. The latter gentleman would make an admirable Speaker. He has every possible qualification, except one. It is usual to choose a gentleman of family to fill the chair—Mr. Baines, it is well known, is only one remove from trade.

##### WHAT WILL THE NEXT PARLIAMENT BE?

It would be a strange assembly if the minority and its friends could have their way—Gladstone would be ousted from the University of Oxford, Cardwell driven from the City, Sydney Herbert from South Wiltshire, Lord John Russell from London, Bright and Gibson from Manchester, Roebuck from Sheffield, Graham from Carlisle, and Cobden also sent to the right-about, and Parliament degraded to a dead sea of mediocrity. But the people are wiser than their rulers; and though there will be great changes—more new Members probably than on any former general election—yet the features of the House will be much the same as they have ever been. It is not likely that the people will consent to drain all the intellect out of the national assembly to please a faction; and, as to politics, there can be no question that the new Parliament will be in advance of the old. The Liberal side of the House will be much strengthened; and, when the Palmerston *furore* shall have died away—as die away it speedily will—whoever may be in office will be compelled, by a resistless power, to move onward along the old line of march towards "peace, retrenchment, and reform."

**THE WELLINGTON EMIGRATION FUND.**—A society of noblemen and gentlemen have established a fund, to which they have given the name of the "Wellington Emigration Fund," from the fact that the present Duke of Wellington heads the subscription list with a donation of £1,000. Messrs. Labouchere, Sidney Herbert, and Thomas Baring, the Lord Mayor, Lord Stanley, &c., take an active share in the proceedings of the association. The committee existing among the view of endeavouring to relieve, by emigration, the distress existing among the labouring classes in the metropolis. The emigration will be principally directed to those colonies which contribute towards the fund, and subscribers may specify the particular colony to which their contributions are to be applied. Regulations will be made by the committee on the one hand, and Lord Goldborough, M.P., the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Mr. Neale Porter, and others kindly acting on behalf of the working men, for the selection of emigrants. Facilities will be afforded for the emigrants remaying in the colony the sum advanced, so soon as their improved circumstances may enable them to do so. It is proposed, when the temporary pressure caused by the glut in the labour market shall have subsided, to apply the balance to promoting female emigration.

THREE THOUSAND POUNDS have been presented to the Wellington College by Sir Joseph Bailey, of Glainusk Park, Brecknock. Sir Joseph has also subscribed £500 to the Cambridge Asylum, and has taken nominations at the Cavalry College at Richmond to the extent of £450.



## Imperial Parliament.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19.  
HOUSE OF LORDS.

## PERSIA.

In reply to the Earl of Elington, the Earl of CLARENDON said that, by the treaty with Persia, Great Britain had resigned the right of protecting Persian subjects, excepting those employed in the consular mission, provided other nations would do the same.

## NAPLES.

The Earl of HARDWICKE called attention to the breaking off of the arrangement by which French and English squadrons were to have proceeded to the Bay of Naples, and asked what was the cause of the sudden change of policy in reference to this subject.

The Earl of CLARENDON explained that, when diplomatic relations were broken off with the Court of Naples, the Governments of England and France agreed to send two or three ships each to the Bay of Naples; but that, upon hearing, through confidential sources, that an insurrection of the people would have been certain if the allied fleets had appeared in the Neapolitan waters, the English squadron had been countermanded.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH thought we had raised expectations and incurred obligations towards the people of the Two Sicilies which had never been fulfilled, and had thus done them an injury which they would never forget.

## THE TURNER BEQUEST.

Lord St. LEONARD'S expressed a fear that the conditions attached to the bequest by Mr. Turner of his works to the nation would be disregarded, and hoped that so important a gift would be made available for the highest purposes of art.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE said that it had been found that Mr. Turner's will was not properly drawn out, and a compromise had accordingly been entered into, with the full consent of the executors. Government was prepared to carry out the bequest by establishing a gallery where the pictures might be seen to advantage.

Their Lordships shortly afterwards adjourned.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20.  
HOUSE OF LORDS.

## THE DISSOLUTION.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH, on the motion that the Appropriation Bill be read a third time, took occasion to review the position of the country, and the bearings of the political situation at home and abroad, at the eve of the dissolution. In the course of a discursive speech, he charged the Government with displaying recklessness in their foreign policy, and extravagance in their domestic administration. The breach of pacific relationship with China, in which the Ministry had supported Sir J. Bowring, would cost at least four millions. With regard to home affairs, the Noble Earl entered into a series of calculations to show that since 1853 the expenditure upon various branches of the public service, both military and civil, had enormously expanded, with the result of fixing the country in a serious dilemma—between aggravated taxation or a permanent deficiency. He confessed his own want of reliance upon a Minister who was one thing one day and another the next, and his apprehension at the commencement of a war which he believed to be unnecessary and unjust.

Earl GRANVILLE, in reply, touched upon many of the numerous topics adverted to by Lord Ellenborough, and offered some remarks vindicating the Government on each. He denied that the war in China was unjust, or that the general policy of the Administration had been extravagant.

Further comments of very miscellaneous character having been presented by the Earl of Malnesbury, Lord Montagu, and Earl Grey, the subject dropped, and the bill was read a third time and passed.

Their Lordships soon after adjourned.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21.  
HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords the proceedings were confined to the formal dissolution, or rather prorogation, of Parliament, till the 30th of April next. The Lords Commissioners were—the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Granville, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Harrowby, and Lord Stanley of Alderley.

In obedience to the summons delivered by Black Rod, the Speaker of the House of Commons, accompanied by Lord Palmerston, Sir G. Grey, Mr. Lowe, and several other Hon. Gentlemen, presented himself at the bar shortly after two o'clock, when the Lord Chancellor read the Royal Speech, as follows:—

## “MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“We are commanded by her Majesty to inform you that, in releasing you at this early period from your attendance in Parliament, it is her Majesty's intention immediately to dissolve the present Parliament, in order to ascertain in the most constitutional manner the sense of her people upon the present state of public affairs.

## “GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

“We are commanded by her Majesty to thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the exigencies of the public service during the period that will elapse before the new Parliament, which her Majesty will direct immediately to be called, shall have been able to give its deliberate attention to these matters.

## “MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“We are commanded by her Majesty to express the satisfaction which she feels at your having been able during the present session materially to reduce the burthens of her people.

“Her Majesty commands us to assure you that it is her fervent prayer that the several constituencies of the United Kingdom, upon whom will devolve the exercise of those high functions which, by the constitution, belong to them, may be guided by an all-wise Providence to the selection of representatives whose wisdom and patriotism may aid her Majesty in her constant endeavours to maintain the honour and dignity of her crown and to promote the welfare and happiness of her people.”

The letters patent for proroguing Parliament were next read, and they recited, “That for certain pressing causes and considerations, especially moving, we have thought fit to prorogue our said Parliament; therefore we, confiding very much in your fidelity and circumspection, have given power to you, by virtue of these presents, further to prorogue and continue our present Parliament, in the City of Westminster, from Saturday, the 21st of March, till and unto Thursday the 30th of April now next following.”

The Speaker then retired, and the ceremony was concluded.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## NAPLES.

Lord PALMERSTON stated, in reply to Mr. Duncombe, that no overtures, properly so called, had been received by the French or English Government from the King of Naples since the discontinuance of our diplomatic relations with his Government. An indirect intimation had, however, reached them, to the effect that the Neapolitan Government wished to know whether, if the King of Naples were to banish the political prisoners now lying in the prisons of Naples to the territory of the Argentine Confederation, that act would satisfy the Governments of England and France. On the part of the British Government, he was prepared to say, that banishing the present prisoners to South America only to refill the dungeons with fresh inmates would be no justification for renewing relations with the Court of Naples.

## TREATY WITH MOROCCO.

In reply to Colonel Wilson Patten, the Noble Lord said that a treaty had been concluded between her Majesty and the Sultan of Morocco. The treaty was then laid on the table.

On the return of the House after hearing the Royal Speech read by Commission in the Upper House, the Speaker, standing at the table, read a copy of the Speech. The Members present shook hands with the Right Hon. Gentleman, and so ended the fourth Parliament of Queen Victoria, and the short but memorable session of 1857.

**CIVIC BANQUET TO MINISTERS.**—The Lord Mayor entertained Lord Palmerston and his colleagues at the Mansion House on Friday night (the 20th), avowedly as a mark of “confidence” in the Government and its head. The whole of the Cabinet, and many Members of Parliament, not wholly of the Liberal party, and many civic and scientific notables, were present. Among the diplomatists present were the Belgian, Sardinian, Greek, Prussian, Austrian, Saxon, Spanish, and Persian Ministers. The principal speakers were Sir Charles Wood, Lord Palmerston, Earl Granville, the French Ambassador, and the Earl of Clarendon. Sir Charles Wood warmly defended the naval officers and sailors at Canton from the charge of inhumanity. Count Persigny glorified the alliance, and complimented London City on its promptitude in presenting an address to the Emperor Napoleon, four years ago. Earl Granville spoke for the Peers, and in reference to the China vote thanked Heaven that there is a House of Lords. The Earl of Clarendon vindicated his foreign policy from the charges of turbulence and aggressiveness. The special speech of the occasion was, of course, Lord Palmerston's in acknowledgment of the toast, “The health of Viscount Palmerston, and may he long be spared to guide the councils of our land.” His remarks were altogether confined to the recent vote of censure on the Government. In a polite manner, his Lordship again revived the charge of “coalitions and combinations,” and while he defended the course of the Government in the Chinese question, he assailed those who “expected to succeed to power by making the humiliation and degradation of their country a stepping-stone to office.” His Lordship's address was interrupted, as is usual on these occasions, by some laughter and frequent cheering, which at the close became enthusiastic and prolonged.

POSTAL DISTRICT MAP OF LONDON,  
(Size 2 Feet 3 Inches by 3 Feet.)

The above may still be procured of the Agents for the “Illustrated Times,” but it will not be sold separately from No. 101 of the Paper, the price of which, with the Map, is 5d.; or the Map and Paper will be sent, Post free, from the Office, on the receipt of Seven Stamps.

## THE CHINESE WAR.

We have the satisfaction of announcing to our readers that we shall be shortly in a position to publish, on the arrival of each mail from China, Sketches, from accredited correspondents, of the various Naval and Military operations that may arise out of our present differences with the authorities in that country. We have also obtained the promise, from the Commanding Officer of Engineers, of duplicate copies of the highly interesting series of photographs which it is intended shall be taken for the use of the corps while engaged in the Chinese waters. These photographs we intend reproducing in the columns of this journal.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1857.

## COMMERCE—OR ABILITY?

AMID all the political excitement of the general elections, we may safely predicate that the public will regard with peculiar and undisturbed interest the contest for the representation of the City of London, which is brought to an issue on this day. As if in further exemplification of the tactics which sought retaliation in the “penal dissolution,” Lord Palmerston, secure of Tiverton, appears to carry the war into the enemy's country; to battle with one of the greatest of his opponents in that opponent's own camp; and to distress and harass where he can scarcely hope to conquer. The struggle between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell has in it so much of the personal element, will be conducted with so much skill and ability upon both sides, and will prove so triumphant to the victor and so humiliating to the conquered, that even other combatants will gaze upon it with attention, as in the old Trojan wars both sides occasionally suspended battle to watch the combat between two of the more illustrious of the opposing chieftains.

There can be little doubt as to the issue were the struggle fairly and simply between these two champions. But Palmerston possesses something beyond pluck—he has diplomacy. He will come into his adversary's lists, challenging him manfully, and meet him face to face; but with all this sham, he is not above taking the precaution of having his enemy's charger hobbled in the stable. His style of manœuvring has already manifested itself. A cry has gone forth, founded upon the old axiom as to fat oxen, that he who represents a commercial city must himself be commercial. This thesis, as applied to London, might mean something if London were exclusively a commercial city, and the questions debated in Parliament were exclusively commercial also. But if London has its Lower Thames Street, does it not also contain the Temple? Are Fleet Street and Paternoster Row to be eclipsed by the overgrowth of Newgate Street? Are there no artists, authors, lawyers, doctors, divines, in the city which contains more law chambers, publishing offices, newspaper establishments, and churches than any other spot of the same size or double on our entire planet? Are these elements to be ignored, because, being built upon the banks of a noble river, the city is found convenient to traders?

What the “commercial man,” when caught, is to do for London, remains a mystery. There appears some vague impression that he will concoct bills calculated to enrich all other London commercial men, and render the entire city a kind of mercantile Elysium; that he will, moreover, pass these through the House, either by his own single vote or by such a display of commercial science as shall draw the other Members, ignorant of the number of ounces to a pound, into unanimous admiration of, and devotion to, the novel element of commercial genius; that, having been a wharfinger, he will be eminently prepared to deliver a righteous judgment upon the subjects of legal reform, the ballot, national education, and our foreign policy; or that, having imported extensively, his opinions on the ticket-of-leave question, the divorce bill, and the Chinese war, will be singularly fresh and valuable.

But the cry is a cry, and as such it is, its nature and its mission to seduce some tractable minds. Last week a man raised the cry of “No Balloons in-doors!” and the “Times” has been printing letters in advocacy of the cry almost daily. This cry as to commerce has already increased Palmerston's chances, by dividing his antagonists. A portion of the liberal party, calling themselves the Liberal Registration Association, have volunteered their submission to the cry. As this has caused rational defection from the association, the Palmerstonian stratagem has in this case worked doubly by dividing not only Lord John's supporters but the Liberal Association.

The London commercial man, then, whom a class more worthy of all respect and consideration scarcely exists, will no doubt remember and reflect that commerce is not socially and politically all in all even to him. He has his demands, his rights, and duties, as a citizen and an Englishman, as a possessor of property, perhaps as a husband and a father. Nothing that concerns the honour or the welfare of his native land, either externally or domestically, can be a matter of indifference to him; whether it refer to foreign wars, or to the protection of domestic plate from criminals. In the choice of his representative, therefore, mere commercial ability should not be the sole recommendation of a candidate. The man required must be a man capable of thinking, of acting, and of influencing others generally upon such heterogeneous topics as necessarily form part of the business and government of a great nation. He should be a man already known to fame and accustomed to the business with which he is entrusted; for a great city cannot descend to experimentalise for its men, or to afford opportunities of improvement to the tyro and the novice. Lord John's career is a matter of history, not the history of books, but of that far more extended history which every Englishman who can read can tell. Let London honestly express her opinion as to coincidence with his principles, or otherwise, as she may think proper; but let her not be baffled from the consideration of his claims by this shallow cant about THE COMMERCIAL MAN.

THE NEW LIBRARY which is to be erected for the Society of the Middle Temple, from the design of Mr. H. R. Abraham, will be 85 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 62 feet high, to the underside of the gable. Beneath will be class-rooms and rooms for the benches. The building is Gothic, of the perpendicular period in style.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, with the Princess Royal and the Princess Feodora of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, honoured the Haymarket Theatre with their presence on Tuesday evening.

THE EARL OF BURLINGTON has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has prohibited the publication in Paris of a pamphlet lately published by the Queen of Oude in London, in support of her claims upon the English Government.

MR. LEFEBVRE will be called to the House of Lords under the title of Viscount Eversley, of Heckfield, in the county of Southampton.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT, previous to the termination of the war, contracted for a telegraphic line from Nicolaieff, via the Caspian Sea, to Isfahan and Herat. It is thought not impossible that Russia is in regular receipt of news from our possessions weeks previously to its arrival in London.

MR. CORDEN has written a farewell letter to the West Riding, in which he observes that sitting for a large constituency entails an enormous deal of extra trouble, and gives no corresponding weight in the House.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE STUDENTS have been expelled from the French Polytechnic School for mutiny.

ACCOUNTS FROM MONROVIA (Liberia) report that the natives had attacked the colonists at Cape Palmas, destroyed two extensive villages, and the Protestant Episcopal Mission School houses. Life was lost on both sides.

THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS now contains upwards of 30,000 volumes; in 1845 it only numbered 4,000. The increase has principally taken place in dictionaries, books of reference, general history, English history, diplomacy, topography, law, voyages and travels, as well as works of authority connected with the East Indies and colonial possessions.

THE DESIGNS sent in competition for the Memorial Church at Constantinople are arranged at King's College, in one of the corridors, sixty-nine feet long, and fill the walls to more than the usual height for exhibition, as well as both ends of a screen down the centre of the corridor. There are about 370 drawings in the 46 sets.

MR. H. BESSMER has just filed specifications of two patents for further improvements in iron manufacture.

THE ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE is fixed to be held this year about the middle of July, at Chester; and that of the Archeological Association in some part of Norfolk.

MR. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, has purchased the fine old mansion in Peebles, formerly belonging to the Earls of Tweeddale and the last Duke of Queensberry, with the view of fitting it up, with adjoining buildings, for a public reading-room, library, lecture-hall, museum, and gallery of art,—the whole to be presented by Mr. Chambers as a free gift to his native town.

A WRITER IN THE “LANCET” says:—“I am acquainted with a baronet who consumes, on an average, three dozen cigars daily.” There is a gentleman in Liverpool, we are told, who also consumes about as many every day.

THE QUEEN has appointed Dr. Robert Ferguson to be Physician Extraordinary to her Majesty.

THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE, which promised such rich conquests to the scientific world, has just been dissolved by the Viceroy of Egypt. It was at Karoum that he came to this decision. The savans who had been called from France, England, and Germany, and who formed the nucleus of this expedition, are about to return to their respective countries.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S IDOL, broached nearly half a century ago, of effecting a closer connection between the different regiments of the British army and the counties in which they are raised, will probably soon receive more attention than has hitherto been accorded to it, though it is evident that great modifications will be necessary to meet the altered circumstances of the times.

OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, it was remarked, at an entertainment given on Monday evening by the Archduchess Sophie, that she has lost a great deal of that timidity which she displayed before she went to Italy; and that, for the first time since she has been the consort of the Emperor, her Majesty spoke without hesitation to the gentlemen attached to the Court.

THE BARQUE TRIDENT, Captain Craig, which arrived at Liverpool last week, from Parais, lost on her homeward passage six of her crew, comprising the chief mate, steward, three able seamen, and one apprentice, through yellow fever.

BARON HUMBOLDT has recovered from his indisposition, and is actively occupied in preparing the fourth volume of his “Cosmos.”

A SUM OF 2,327*l.*, collected in Piedmont, has just been transmitted to the Marquis d'Azeglio, the Sardinian Ambassador in London, to be handed over to the central committee for the erection of a monument to Jenner, the first promoter of vaccination.

A LITTLE BOY NAMED DANCE (three years old) was burnt to death in Birchin Lane last week. He had come down stairs early in the morning, in his night-dress, and while his mother was absent from the kitchen set fire to his clothes.

THE SECRETARIES OF THE ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS have issued an earnest appeal in its behalf. There are now 254 patients and pupils on the foundation. There is, however, abundant space in the establishment yet to be occupied, and upwards of 200 applicants crave admission; but the board dare not advance on their present numbers except at their annual income increases.

THE PRISONS IN CALIFORNIA are described as terrible. The prisoners are obliged to sleep on floors covered several inches deep with water; they have insufficient food, covering, and raiment; the keepers hold them in prison at will long after the legal time of incarceration has expired, and practise upon them obsolete systems of torture.

SINCE WALKER commenced his filibustering attempt in Nicaragua, he has lost, it is said, 3,600 men. The graveyards and pits of Granada contain nearly 2,000.

A CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS has been established at Constantinople.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is at present an inmate of the establishment of Dr. Gully, at Holyrood House, Melvern.

THE EARL OF DERBY was seized with a severe fit of the gout on Thursday week.

EXTENSIVE CONTRACTS have been made with an English house, by the Russian Government, for the supply of guns and war matériel necessary for the campaign in Circassia. The Russians complain of the counterbalance which England gives to the Circassians, by supplying them with arms, and conveying foreign officers to the seat of war.

SIR JOHN McNAUL has had a severe attack of illness.

THE “LANCET” proposes that the Serpentine should be made a salt-water lake—the water to be brought through cast-iron pipes from Brighton, Dover, or perhaps a little below Gravesend. Even small quantities of sea water may remain for months stagnant without losing their purity; at the Zoological Gardens it is changed once in six weeks.

HIS EXCELLENCY FERUKH KHAN, the Persian Ambassador, has arrived in London; and on Saturday paid his first official visit to the Earl of Clarendon, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Ambassador wore a splendid Oriental costume, and was attended by the secretaries and attachés to the Embassy, and by Captain Lynch, the naval officer acting as interpreter.

MILIE LUTHER, the well-known actress, has just been married to M. Raphael Felix, brother of Milie Rachel.

THE VERY REV. HENRY ALFORD, the newly-appointed Dean of Canterbury, was ceremoniously installed at the Cathedral, on Tuesday.

ON AN AMERICAN RAILWAY (says an American paper) an engine fell through a bridge into deep water. As long as it remained there, the bell attached to it was heard slowly tolling with the action of the waves. When the engine was raised, the engineer was found in a standing posture, with his hand firmly grasping the throttle valve.

## A DISGRACED MILITARY MANDARIN.

WHEN a Chinese military mandarin loses a battle, he finds it a much more serious affair than the European officer is troubled with in a similar case. No sooner is it known that the mandarin is defeated, than he is seized, imprisoned, and, no matter what extenuating circumstances may be urged in his favour, almost certainly condemned. The punishment varies with the importance of the battle he may have lost. Perhaps he will be skinned alive; on the contrary, he may escape with some hundred strokes with a bamboo. The punishment of the *cangue* (a moveable pillory) may be his lot, the disgrace of which has driven many a haughty mandarin insane; or he may be banished to a remote part of the empire, being compelled to trudge on foot to the place of exile. Another fate, which an European would hail with satisfaction compared with some of these, the delinquent must of all dreads—decapitation. The Chinaman has a peculiar dread of losing any part of his corporeal being.

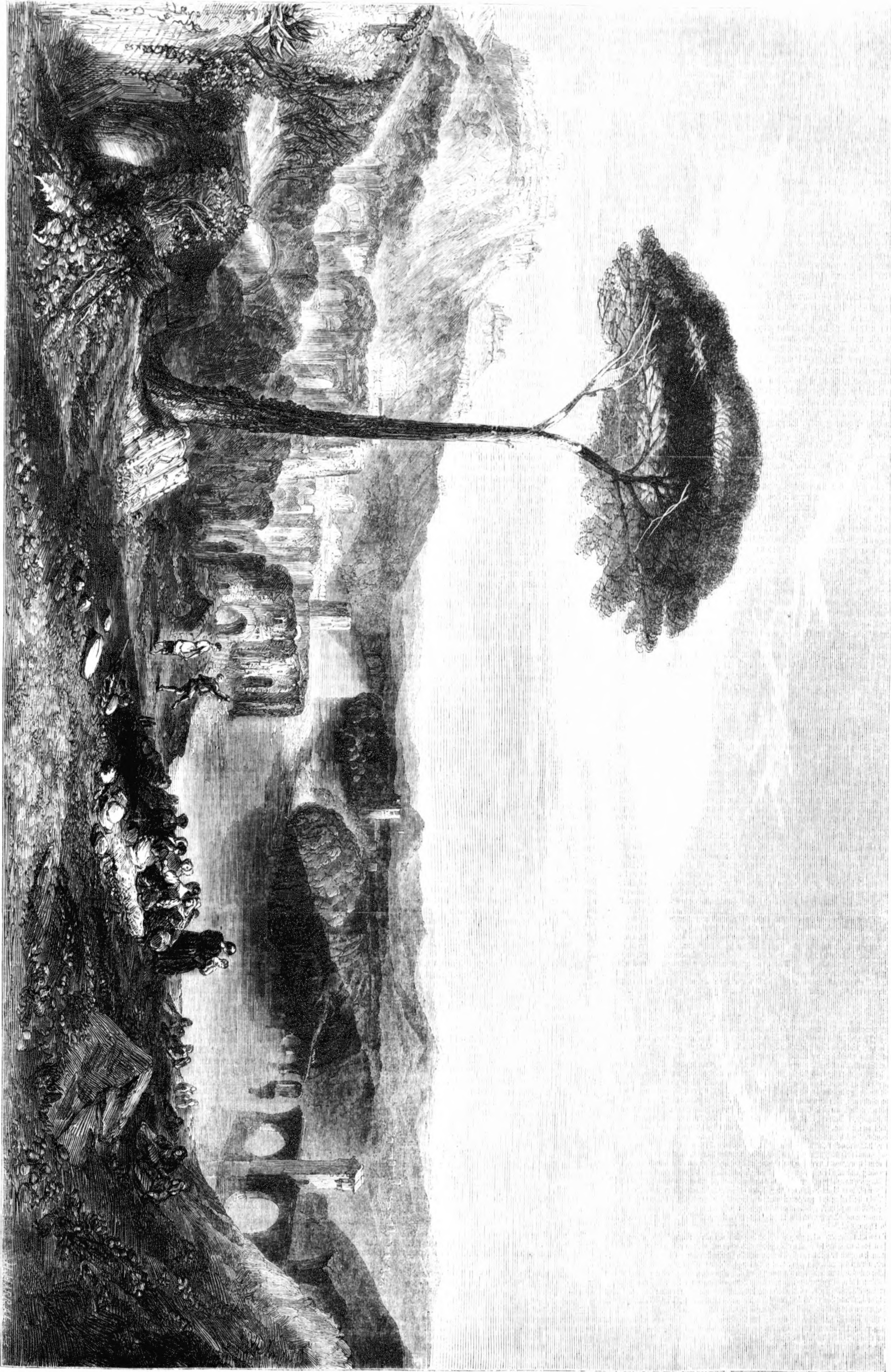
The disgrace and the punishment, however, is not confined to the defeated leader. The unlucky member of the military tribunal at Peking who may have recommended him to the post is implicated in the offence of his protégé. He therefore is sometimes bastinadoed, or banished, or, in extreme cases, even beheaded. Which afford a hint for the Administrative Reform Association.





A DISGRACED MANDARIN BROUGHT BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF A PROVINCE.—(FROM A DRAWING BY A CHINESE ARTIST.)





CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.—(FROM A PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—FROM THE COLLECTION AT MALBOROUGH HOUSE.)



## THE TURNER GALLERY.

NO. II.—CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—ITALY—1832.

HERE is a bewildering stride indeed, from the "old Wilsonian principles;" the dawning lights, the massy grays, the inky shadows of "Caisis Pior" and the "Shipwreck." Turner in this, his second style, or as Mr. Ruskin grandiloquently terms it, his Period of Mastery, has not only abandoned the inspirations of Wilson and Vandervelde, Claude Lorraine and Gaspar Poussin, but has given Nature the go-by too. Henceforth, he has a Nature all to himself, or rather a most mighty and glorious state of Art, astonishing, and sometimes almost incomprehensible to the uninitiated in those grand mysteries of which he was the High Priest, and of which Mr. Ruskin is the Acolythist.

In the contemplation, however, of the magnificent work known as "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," the admiration and wonder which even the most art-ignorant spectator must entertain for it, partake in no degree of the feelings of bewildered indignation, and outraged common sense, with which prosaic people regard Turner's latter and madder pictures. Though such natural beauties as are displayed with so lavish a hand in this triumph of painting may not actually exist, piled together in this unmatched profusion and in one place, anywhere, we are not in a position to say that they might not exist. There were more things, perchance, in the pilgrimage of Childe Harold than were dreamt of in our philosophy; but we cannot aver with certainty that they do not and cannot exist under heaven. *Quies sabb?* Childe Turner in his pilgrimage may have in verity seen this, if even for a moment, that to us dwellers in the lower depths must be for ever and for aye a magnificent mirage.

The passionate and irreverent exclamation of Byron when he speaks of Spain as "this delicious land," might well be shifted to criticise this Italian tableau withal. It is delicious—exquisitely beautiful—exquisitely voluptuous—mellow—slutful—Boccaccio-like—Castle of Indolence-like—Eden-like; for was there ever such a delightfully lazy place as that garden where the lion lay down with the lamb, and Papa Adam and Mamma Eve wandered about the livelong summer day, with no troublesome clothes to put on and off, no rent to pay, nothing to do but to eat, drink, love, and be thankful? The only attempt at work—at "doing"—in the picture is in the two joyous Italians—lovers, of course—dancing the saltarella. Some wiseacre has discovered that the figure in the cavern, in the left-hand bottom corner, is a bravo with a stiletto, waiting to pounce on the happy saltarella dancers, by way of *confondance*. Bah! that is a delusion. The man in the cavern must be Childe Harold, or Childe Turner, armed, not with deadly steel, but with thought-fledged crowquill, or fancy-charged *porte crayon*, and gazing with longing eyes on this garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

The "Childe Harold" is essentially a "composition" landscape; not on the old pig-tail Claude and Wilson principles, with their one inevitable sky, mountain, valley, waterfall, and church-tower, shifted from right to left as the title of the picture was changed; but a composite work of poetry and fancy, acted upon by long and intimate acquaintance and study, and at last almost intuitive knowledge, of the beautiful in actuality. This work has served since as a model for hundreds of vignettes in landscape Annuals, and act-drops for fairy pieces in theatres; and the obligations due by our Telfins and Beverleys and Calcotts, to that exquisite maritime stone-pine, those purple evening tints, that mellow glow on the figures, that translucent water, those vapouring tree-clouds rather than tree-forests, those ethereal reminiscences of the defiles of Narni, and the Bay of Baia, and the roots of Apennine, are incalculable. We should have had no "Golden Branch" at the Lyceum if Turner had not painted these pictures full of Golden Boughs.

Mr. Ruskin sighs over the decadence of this picture in a mechanical point of view and asserts that this—"once quite the loveliest work of the second period"—is now a "mere wreck." Ah! and what is the painter himself now? What the God-gifted Harold, and Italy itself? Is not *that* a wreck? Lovely, glorious, immortal, but shattered and ruined and desolate. If pigments rebel, and warm tints fade and varnishes crack, and if all Turner's brightness in his canvases is to fade, let us be thankful, at least, for the sister art of engraving that can stretch forth a hand to a picture that is perishing, and inscribe its glories on tablets that shall not decay.

**THE SEDDON SUBSCRIPTION FUND.**—Mr. Seddon, an artist of great ability and high promise, died at Cairo a few months since, while on an expedition to depict the historic landscape of Egypt and Palestine. A committee, including Lord Goderich, Earl Grosvenor, Thomas Carlyle, Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, and other eminent men, has been formed in order to raise a subscription for the purchase of an oil-picture of Jerusalem, painted by Mr. Seddon, and now remaining the property of his widow, and to offer the picture to the National Gallery. The sum of 400 guineas has been agreed upon as the price to be given for this work. The purchase will be so far beneficial to Mrs. Seddon; but it is the anxious desire of the Committee that the subscription may not be limited to this amount, but that they may have in hand some future funds, of which, after paying all contingent expenses, they shall be able to request Mrs. Seddon's acceptance. An exhibition of Mr. Seddon's pictures and sketches is to be held during the month of May, in the Council Room of the Society of Arts.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY GAME OF CHESS.**—The Paris Chess Club, at the Café de la Régence, was on Friday week the scene of a most extraordinary display of chess power, M. Harwitz, very favourably known in London, contending, without seeing the board, in two games, played at the same time, against two members of the above club. Prince Antoine Bonaparte, the Duke of Brunswick, the Marquis de Caracciolo, and a great number of well-known amateurs, were present. In the centre of the largest of the club-rooms were placed two tables, at which were seated the gentlemen with whom M. Harwitz was to engage. Another room was set apart for the latter, who commenced the games by instructions to the gentleman who officiated as secretary, with his intended moves. The secretary communicated the moves to the two antagonists, and on their having replied, he announced the result to M. Harwitz. Both games were won by the latter in most brilliant style, after a display of remarkably fine play on the part of the three players. The wonderful mental abstraction and chess memory which M. Harwitz presented on this occasion inspired the greatest admiration. The longest game lasted above three hours, and at the end of that period the successful player did not appear in the slightest degree fatigued.

## CASUALTIES AT SEA.

**THE EQUINOCTIAL GALE.**—A correspondent, writing from Shields on Monday, says:—"The stormy weather still continues on this coast, and we are experiencing heavy showers of sleet and snow. The Dinah, of Cowes, wrecked at Souter Point, has broken up; and five vessels, including a Dutch East Indiaman, are ashore at Sunderland. Five vessels are ashore at Hartlepool. The Columbus, of Seaham, in attempting to take harbour, struck on the bar at that place, beat over, and in coming breast of the jetty struck, where she now lies sunk. Shortly after, came the brig Cassious, of this port, coal laden, struck heavily on the bar, and went to pieces. The crew were taken out by the life-boat. Then came the brig Morgiana, which struck the rocks at the pier end, and sunk. The schooner Unicorn, of Jersey, followed close at the latter brig's stern, and grounded beside her. She lies sunk also. The crews were taken out by the seamen's and fishermen's life-boats."—At Sunderland four vessels have been driven ashore—namely, the schooner Effort, of Southampton; the schooner Hannah, of Arbroath; the brig Swan, of Sunderland; and a Dutch barque named the Six Sisters, from Rotterdam. The crews were all saved by the use of the life-boat and rocket-lines. On Monday morning the Dutch barque went to pieces, and her cargo was thus lost.—At Tenby a large quantity of wreck has come ashore, also a mast and spars with sails partially set, too plainly indicating that some unfortunate vessel has gone to pieces. This belief receives confirmation from the fact that seamen's chests have been picked up. At St. David's pieces of wreck have drifted ashore. Nothing is known of these vessels, though it is believed that a large vessel has been lost on the coast.

**FORTY VESSELS LOST.**—During the last week no fewer than forty ships have been reported lost at Lloyds', many having foundered with all hands. Among them were the barque Lord George Bentinck (Captain Irving), in which the captain, steward, and two seamen perished; the remainder of the crew, sixteen in number, suffered for ten days from want of food and water, when they were picked up. The ship Hungarian (Captain Baker), which sailed from Liverpool in October last for Philadelphia, with passengers, has not since been heard of. The Duke of Bedford, from Smyrna for New York; and the A. B. Van Olinda, from Philadelphia, have also, it is believed, been lost with all hands.

**FIRE AT SEA.**—An Austrian steamer having arrived at Smyrna with intelligence that a vessel, laden with coal, was on fire near Ghediz, the Brondon, steamer, was despatched to her assistance. She proved to be the English brig Roscoe. She was burning furiously, the wind blowing fresh at the time. The crew, nineteen in number, had got into three boats, and had been able to save some of their property. Just after the arrival of the steamer, the brig, having burned to the water's edge, filled and went down. The crew were afterwards taken on board the Brondon, and conveyed to Smyrna.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE dissolution has thinned the town, which is now nearly as empty as it generally is in August. The managers of theatres and public amusements are grumbling dreadfully at their beggarly display of empty boxes, the invariably bad season of Lent being this year much worse than usual. Mr. Thackeray, who has been lecturing in the north, is about to return to town, and will deliver the "Four Georges" at the Surrey Gardens during Passion Week. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed appear at the same place on Easter Monday.

Mr. W. H. Russell's lectures, under the auspices of Mr. Beale, will very shortly commence, but neither the exact date nor the precise locale is yet, I believe, settled.

The identity of the author of "Whitefriars," "Caesar Borgia," and other excellent novels, has often been the subject of comment. I hear that "a portrait of the author of 'Whitefriars'" will be in the Academy Exhibition this year, and that it is that of a lady.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

**"A LIFE'S TRIAL."**—**"HAMLET"** AT THE LYCEUM.—MUSICAL NOTICES.  
MR. BAILEY BERNARD, to whose pen we owe the new play, in five acts, "A Life's Trial," at the Haymarket, is one of the best and happiest original English dramatic authors of the day; and I make this avowal with more earnestness and aplomb, because I am about to find serious fault with this latest offspring of his genius. "A Life's Trial" is anything but a good piece; the incidents are far-fetched; the dialogue never rises above mediocrity; while, as a serious defect in dramatic composition, the plot is not developed in action, but is gleaned by the audience from the narration of one character to the other. There are, moreover, several *Deus ex machina* results, which are more provocative of laughter than approbation. The climax of the piece is also abrupt and inartistic, so far as the retribution dealt to the villain is concerned; as for the virtuous people, they are not allowed a climax at all, but merely group themselves into artistic postures as the curtain falls, and what eventually becomes of them is more than the most acute spectator can tell. Nevertheless, owing to the admirable acting of the principals, there is little doubt that the "Life's Trial" will have a considerable run. The first scene opens on the beach at Tenby, where we find Miss Rochdale (Miss Reynolds) engaged to a young West Indian gentleman named Wyndham (Mr. W. Farren), but at the same time secretly beloved by Mr. Hawksworth (Mr. Howe), Wyndham's friend, and the villain of the piece. Here also are Captain Tatters (Mr. Compton), an adventurer, and Mr. Montague Spicer (Mr. Bucks-one), a Holborn grocer, who apes gentility, and has quitted his wife and business to "swell" it at Tenby. Hawksworth contrives to induce Wyndham at once to return to the West Indies by intercepting some money which was coming to him; then declares his own passion for Miss Rochdale; and having saved her father, who is ruined by the breaking of a provincial bank, eventually obtains her hand.

In the second act, three years having elapsed, we find Hawksworth himself ruined, and in lodgings with his wife, whose desertion he contemplates. He has, in fact, actually left her, but returns for some article which he had forgotten, when he finds his old friend Wyndham, who, having returned from the West Indies, and heard of the destitute condition of his former love, had hastened to her assistance. Hawksworth and Wyndham quarrel, and a duel takes place; but Hawksworth's pistol missing fire, his adversary is too generous to take advantage of the mischance, and the officers of justice being on Hawksworth's track, the rivals part, with a hope of meeting at some more favourable opportunity for the adjustment of their quarrel.

Seven more years have passed away, and Mrs. Hawksworth, having come into considerable property, is living in affluence at Richmond. Hawksworth is supposed to have been drowned off the coast of America, and Mr. Wyndham has been making great running with the widow: they are, in fact, on the point of marriage, when our old friend Hawksworth turns up again, not well, certainly, but alive, and dying to know where to find his wife. Faint and tired, he sinks in the street, reclining his head upon a large hamper which has been just placed there by a porter, and which, oddly enough, is going to his wife, and bears her name and address! (Very likely thing to happen, is it not?) Having seen his wife, this amiable man at once swears her to secrecy, compels her to break off with Wyndham without giving him a reason, disguises himself, and henceforth devotes himself to the moral destruction of Wyndham, by encouraging in him a passion for play. He succeeds, and the victim is irretrievably ruined; but the police break into the gambling-house. Hawksworth rushes into another room and commits suicide, while his wife and Wyndham form attitudes in the centre of the stage. Well might the audience on the first night cry, "Bad finish!"

The play is admirably acted throughout, but Miss Reynolds certainly deserves the greatest amount of laudation. Natural, ladylike, and unstrained, utterly free from that mannerism which spoils most actresses on attempting to pourtray sentiment while wearing nineteenth century costume, her acting was perfect. Mr. Farren played an uphill and ungrateful part with great spirit and care, and Mr. Howe did as much as was possible for the villain.

Of Mr. Buckstone, who need I speak? He is always admirable, always good-tempered, always most laughable; but when in his own theatre he is acting in a piece which he feels wants "pulling-up," then, perhaps, all his qualities are set forth to the best advantage. Those who desire to behold him under such circumstances should see the "Life's Trial." Mr. Compton, Mr. Clark, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam are all excellent, and so is Mr. Rogers, who plays a librarian named Hookham. Did Mr. Bernard ever see such a name attached to the same occupation in Bond Street? The scenery throughout is capitally painted.

Mr. Dillon, whose theatre, by the way, cannot be called a "class theatre," inasmuch as every variety of entertainment is produced there, has appeared in "Hamlet," and given a satisfactory rendering of the character. There are no new points in his performance, but he is of course seen to the best advantage in the play scene, where his outburst of triumphant passion is tremendous. Mrs. Mellon played Ophelia, of course nicely, though it is scarcely in her line. To my mind, the best acted character in the piece was the Gravedigger, which was played by Mr. Toole with very much quaint humour, and which was utterly devoid of that buffoonery generally associated with the part. His "make-up" was also admirable.

Sir William Don has appeared at the St. James's Theatre in two bad pieces. He is a very bad actor, but he stands seven feet high; so the audience laugh at, but not with him.

An admirable concert was given by the Amateur Musical Society at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday evening. The vocal portion of the selection was distinguished by Miss Mary Keeley's charming singing of Middle Argelina's song, "The River and the Star"—a delightful melody wedded to very wretched words. By the way, how is Miss Mary Keeley classed among amateurs? Mr. Henry Leslie's "Boat Song" received a well-merited encore, the composer conducting the orchestra.

The first concert of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music was given on Tuesday evening with success. Selections from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Costa's "Eli" were among the pieces most favourably received.

THOMAS MAGRUDER, a negro aged 110, and who is said to have been the original "Uncle Tom," died at Indianapolis recently. He was universally known as Uncle Tom, and his hut or house was equally well known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

**PARADISE.**—We find the following anecdote in an interesting paper on Bolivia, by M. Favre-Claivarin, Consul-general of France, which appears in the "Revue Contemporaine." A parish priest in one of the villages of the State has had the bright idea of dividing his church into three sections, each painted of a different colour. The nearest the altar he called Paradise; the next Purgatory; and the third, a place it would not be proper to name. Whenever a death occurs in his parish, he calls upon the family, to inquire where they wish the soul of the deceased to go? if to Paradise, it is so much; Purgatory, somewhat less; and the last place is "dog-cheap." Of course, the Indian will not hear of his dear relations going to Gehenna, so he parleys with the honest Padre, and after a severe struggle between his conscience and his purse, generally comes down handsomely, and the reverend defunct is duly installed in "Paradise."

## Literature.

*The Kingdom and People of Siam.* By Sir J. BOWRING. 2 vols. London: Parker and Son.

FOR a long time the Siamese have been known to Englishmen among the most important of the nations occupying territory between Hindostan and China; but we believe that, previously to the announcement in the Queen's Speech of this year that "a treaty of friendship and commerce" had been negotiated with that country, few indeed of our readers ever troubled themselves seriously about the sovereign or subjects of that Eastern kingdom. The case, however, is now far different, considering that the alliance recently formed promises great advantage to our manufacturing industry, it is natural that people should express some degree of curiosity as to the inhabitants, manners, customs, and wealth of Siam. Strangely enough it happens that the writer from whom we gain this information is the well-abused Governor of Hong Kong—a man with whose name all our counties and boroughs are at present ringing.

It was in the spring of 1855, that Sir John Bowring found himself in the Bay of Siam, with the view of negotiating an English Plenipotentiary, that treaty of commerce which now exists. His visit, it appears, lasted exceeded a month; and the journal in which his personal experiences at the Court of Siam are related, does not occupy many pages of the work before us. Other matters relating to Siam are, however, dealt with, as a perusal of the volumes gives a pretty clear notion of the past and present state of the country, and the condition of the inhabitants. A few extracts will suffice to indicate the nature of the subject, and the style in which it is treated. The King, of course, cuts a prominent figure:—

"The King of Siam, who takes amongst his other titles that of Faema Saka, i.e. Sacred Member of God,—has this to boast of, that, next to the Monks, he can deduce his descent from more kings than any other in the Indies. He is absolute, his privy councillors, called mandarins, being chosen and deposed at his pleasure. When he appears in public, it is done with so much pomp and magnificence as is scarce to be imagined, which draws such a veneration for his person from the common people, that, even in the streets, as he passes by, they give him godlike titles and worship. He marries no more than one wife at a time, but has an infinite number of concubines. He feeds very high; but drink is water only, the use of strong liquors being severely prohibited, by the ecclesiastical law, to persons of quality in Siam. As the thirds of all the revenue of the kingdom fall to his exchequer, so his riches must be very great; and, in fact, makes them almost immense, so he is the chief merchant in the kingdom, having his factors in all places of trade, to sell rice, copper, lead, saltpetre, &c. to foreigners."

Siam, though nominally tributary to the Emperor of China, is governed by two Kings—brothers—the first of whom is an absolute monarch,—so absolute, indeed, in the opinion of his subjects, that he can exercise authority over the elements. One ceremony affords a striking instance of Siamese superstition in this respect. It appears that the country suffers fearfully from inundations, which destroy sugar-plantations, overtake rice-fields, sweep away fruit-trees, and drown cattle. The mode in which the King of Siam deals with inundations is not quite that adopted by the Emperor of the French:—

"When the waters of the Meikam are supposed to have reached their highest point, the King deposes one hundred Bonzes, who are instructed to command the inundation to proceed no further. These functionaries embark on state barges, issue the royal mandate to the waters, bidding them turn back in that course; and they accompany their intervention with exercises, which are sometimes ineffectual, and show that the falling of the waters is no more subject to the commands of the Sovereign of Siam than were the tides on the British coast controlled by the Danish King."

Sir John Bowring thus describes his reception at the Siamese Court. The picture is somewhat repulsive, and rather calculated to inspire Englishmen with contempt for their new allies. Every person of rank is approached by his attendants in a prostrate attitude. The number of such prostrations is determined by the rank of the individual served; and in the case of the Kings there are many hundreds:—

"The Major-General marched before me, and told me that within the palace about a thousand persons resided, but that in the ladies' part there were more than three thousand women. The object state of every individual exceeds belief. While before the nobles, all subordinates are in a state of reverent prostration; the nobles themselves, in the presence of the Sovereign, exhibit the same crawling obedience. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, a messenger came, bearing a letter for me, and a pass, in the King's hand, allowing me to pass the guards; and I was informed that without such credentials no individual could approach. It was a beautiful moonlight, and in an open space, on a highly-ornamented throne, sat his Majesty, clad in a crimson dress, and wearing a head dress resplendent with diamonds and other precious stones, a gold girdle, and a short dagger splendidly embossed and enriched with jewels. His reception of me was very gracious, and I sat opposite his Majesty, only a table being between us. The King said ours was an ancient friendship, and I was most welcome. His Majesty offered me cigars with his own hand, and liquors, tea, and sweetmeats were brought in. An amicable conversation took place, which lasted some time; after which Mr. Parkes and Mr. Bowring were sent for, and seated in chairs opposite the King. He asked them questions about their own history and position."

Another visit is thus described:—

"On reaching the reception place, the King came forward. Two little children of the King were playing on a crimson and gold carpet, who screamed at my approach, and were taken away. They seemed to wear nothing except wide-brimmed hats, which covered their heads. He took me to his private apartments, ornamented with beautiful pendules and watches, statues of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, handsome barometers, thermometers, &c. He then led me through two or three small chambers, where were fine specimens of Chinese porcelain services, and other costly decorations. Almost everything seemed English. There were many new books on the shelves. The King spoke of the history of Siam, and said it was rather obscure and fabulous, but that the more veracious portion went back about five hundred years; that the Siamese alphabet had been introduced about that time. Inscribed on the apartments to which his Majesty had conducted me, were the words, 'Royal Pleasure,' in English, and in Sanscrit characters with the same meaning. He asked if I should like to hear Siamese music. On my answering yes, a number of young people (I could not distinguish the boys from the girls) played some rather pretty and plaintive airs, and interlarded them with songs, which were less wild and monotonous than I should have expected. His Majesty then conducted me to the hall of audience, leading me by the hand wherever we went, amidst the prostrate nobles, crawling about, or bending their heads in the dust in his presence."

The kingdom of Siam consists of forty-one provinces, each governed by a functionary of the highest rank; and the population under their rule is estimated at five or six millions. We are thus informed what kind of human beings the latter are:—

"The Siamese are a small, well-proportioned race: their skin is of an olive hue; they have black hair, of which they keep a coarse tuft (which has something the appearance of a brush) on the top of the head, all around being closely shaven. Women adopt the same practice of cherishing a tuft of hair, which, however, they carefully oil and comb. The preservation of the tuft, and the changes it undergoes under different circumstances, are objects of great interest and attention in Siam."

"The ordinary dress of the Siamese is a long piece of cotton printed cloth, passed round the waist between the thighs, the ends of the cloth being stuck in behind. They wear no covering over the head, or upper part of the body; and the legs and feet are quite naked. The higher classes sometimes wear saris, and have generally a piece of white cloth hanging loosely about the shoulders, which they sometimes use to wrap round their head. Young women employ a sort of silk scarf to screen the bosom; a refinement which, after marriage, is much neglected; indeed, no sense of shame or impropriety appears to be connected with the exposure of the body above the waist. In the sun, a light hat, which looks like an inverted basket, made of palm-leaves, is used by both sexes. On all ceremonial occasions, and in visits from inferiors to superiors, it is usual to wear a silk scarf round the waist. In the presence of the King, the nobles have a garment with sleeves made of tulle, of the most delicate stuff, and richly ornamented, which they often take from their shoulders and fasten round their waist. The women who ply on the river wear rather a graceful sort of white jacket, fastened in front. In cold weather an outer garment or robe is worn, whose value depends on the rank and opulence of the wearer."

"There is a universal passion for jewellery and ornaments of the precious metals, stones, &c. It is said there is scarcely a family so poor as to be without some valuable possessions of this sort. Rings of silver and gold adorn the arms and the legs of children; rich necklaces, earrings, and belts, are sometimes seen in such profusion as quite to embarrass the wearer."

In Siam, as elsewhere, the priesthood play a conspicuous part. Sir John Bowring tells us that the position of the priests, commonly called the talapories, who are multitudinous, is the most characteristic part of the Siamese social system. While every one else is prostrate before authority, they are the objects of universal reverence:—



"Though living upon alms, they bend to no superior. They exhibit the utmost regard to all external objects, and appear reduced to the condition of ambulatory statues. In the temples they perform an absolute self-absorption, and merely turn their eyes on any object, however novel or exciting. On the whole, the expression of their countenances is vulgar and unattractive. Their contemptive habits seem the annihilation, instead of the development, of mental action. To say the least, their religion is but harmless and useless—a dream instead of a life, and a life unavailing as a dream. A few such might not exercise a very pernicious influence; but when a whole nation is impregnated with the notion that such an unmeaning existence is the most acceptable tribute that can be offered to the Supreme Spirit, it would seem impossible that any active or operative civilisation should spring from the elements of competition, or effect any permanent or general improvement."

In connection with this subject, we may quote the few lines, illustrative of what Sir John calls "the first King's principles," with which the book closes:—

"A missionary mentioned to me that the King, when a boy, and carrying on his studies in the temple to which he retreated, had gathered around him many young men, whom he was fond of instructing in European sciences, and encouraging them to study the progress of knowledge."

"It is repeated of the King that he had determined to found a reformed system of Buddhism, which should recognise the existence of an all-creating, all-controlling God, and purify Buddhism from the corruptions and traditions of the priests. He once said to the missionaries, in speaking of the creation of the world: 'How could the world have been made without a Maker, whom you call God, and others call by other names?'"

**The Little World of London.** By C. M. SMITH, Author of the "Working Man's Way in the World," &c. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

It is not always that many words can be said for a good book, or so at least we feel after perusing the interesting sketches which make up the "Little World of London." That they are interesting, however, is the least that can be said of them. They are also curious and valuable, as exhibiting, spilt on a pin as it were, and under the microscope, individual specimens from this "Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers," called Great Metropolis. Carlyle it is who compares it to the Egyptian pitcher, each individual of the mass within struggling to get its head above the others. In Mr. Smith's work we see this process, not in the general, but in the particular. In the sketch called "Lurking Literature," the "Confessions of a Picture-Dealer's Hack," and several other papers, we have the individual worm laid before us, and follow him through all his wriggles and shifts of his existence. Such descriptions as these are not only amusing and curious—they possess a real value, as exhibiting that undercurrent life in the present which history so very meagrely records of the past. Papers of this kind, however, do not altogether comprise the volume. There are several sketches, graphic and pleasant, of what may be called the still life of London. Of these we may instance "A Calm in the City," and "Our Terrace on a Sunday," which latter gives a peculiarly faithful picture of suburban existence.

**THE SOLAR SPOTS AND TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.**—M. Wolf, of Zurich, in a letter addressed to General Sabine, states that further researches into the phenomena of the relation between the spots on the sun and terrestrial magnetism, have led to the discovery that there is even a greater correspondence between the solar spots and terrestrial magnetism than he had originally imagined, and that sufficient data now exist to satisfy even the most sceptical of the actual correspondence between these phenomena.

**FAILURE OF THE EASTERN BANK.**—The London and Eastern Banking Corporation (formerly called the Simla Bank) is about to be wound up. We hear that among the greatest sufferers are Lord Gough, Sir W. Gomm, Sir Patrick Grant, Colonel Yates, &c. &c. The difficulties of the bank have mainly arisen from improvident advances on a large scale upon securities not immediately available.

**GREAT FIRES IN THE STRAND.**—A conflagration, which extended more or less to eight or nine houses, broke out on Monday night, near Temple Bar; luckily, no life was lost. So great a mob was assembled before the burning houses, that three engines were wholly prevented from coming near them.—Had an hour after this fire was extinguished about three o'clock on Tuesday morning another conflagration was discovered on the premises of a naturalist, near Southampton Street, Strand. The house was gutted, and the adjoining premises on either side much damaged.

## OBITUARY

**AMHERST, EARL.**—On the 13th inst., at Knowle, near Sevenoaks, aged 54, William Pitt Amherst, G.C.H., first Earl Amherst, who was the eldest son of Lieutenant-General William Amherst, Aide-de-camp to King George III., and Governor successively of Portsmouth and of Newfoundland; a younger brother of Jeffrey, the great Lord Amherst, field-marshal in the army, whose peerage was conferred in 1778, with remainder to his nephew, the Peer recently deceased. He was born in January, 1773, and succeeded to the barony on his uncle's death in 1797. His Lordship was sent out as Ambassador to China in 1816, but was obliged to return without effecting his mission, owing to his unwillingness to submit to the humiliating terms on which only he could obtain admission to the Court of the Emperor of that country. He was shortly afterwards nominated Governor-General of India, but his tenure of office there was short. He was raised to the earldom in 1826. He was twice married; first, in 1800, to Sarah, Countess Dowager of Plymouth, and daughter and co-heir of the last Lord Archen, and, secondly, in 1839, to the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Dorset, widow of another Earl of Plymouth. He has left issue by his first marriage only, a daughter, the wife of Sir J. Hay Williams, Bart., and an only son, William Pitt, Lord Holmesdale, late M.P. for Kent, who married a daughter of the late Hon. Dr. Percy, Bishop of Carlisle, by whom he has five sons and six daughters.

**TALBOT DE MALAHIDE, LADY.**—On the 13th inst., at Everecreech House, near Shepton Mallet, Somerset, aged 64, died the Right Hon. Anne Sarah, daughter Lady Talbot de Malahide. Her Ladyship, who had long been in declining health, was the daughter and co-heiress of the late Samuel Roddard, Esq., of Everecreech, and married, in 1804, James, third Lord Talbot de Malahide, in the Peerage of Ireland, who died in 1850, by whom she was the mother of the present Lord Talbot (recently created a Peer of the United Kingdom) and of seven other sons and five daughters.

**ANDERSON, SIR G. W., K.C.B.**—On the 17th inst., in Westbourne Terrace, aged 65, died Sir George William Anderson, K.C.B. He was the son of a London merchant, and having passed through Haileybury College, he entered the Civil Service of the East India Company in 1806. He soon acquired distinction and promotion in India, being successively advanced to the posts of Registrar to the Court of Adawlut, Assistant Judge at Surat, and Judge at Poona, and Commissioner of Justice in the Deccan, where he repeatedly received the thanks of the local and home Governments. In 1835 he was appointed Law Commissioner at Calcutta, and held the post of Governor of Bombay from 1841 to 1842. His character for practical ability and administrative capacity stood so high at Bombay, that he was appointed by Lord Grey, at that time Colonial Secretary, to the Governorship of the Mauritius in 1849, and to that of Ceylon in the following year. He retired from public life, and returned to England, in 1855. He was twice married; first, in 1813, to a daughter of the late J. P. Kensington, Esq.; and secondly, in 1830, to a daughter of William Wight, Esq., by whom he has left a numerous family.

**ROWLEY, VICE-ADMIRAL SIR J. R., BART.**—On the 18th inst., died at his residence in Wimpole Street, aged 66, Sir Joshua Ricketts Rowley, Bart., Vice-Admiral of the Blue. He was a son of the second Baronet of that name, by a daughter of the late Admiral Sir Robert Harland, Bart., whose title is extinct. He succeeded to his father's title in 1832, and married, in 1824, the only daughter of John Mosley, Esq., of Great Glemham House, Suffolk. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Suffolk, of which county he was High-Sheriff in 1841. He is succeeded in the title by his next brother, Robert Charles, a captain in the navy, who married, in 1830, Maria, daughter of the second Lord Hunkingfield. The Baronetcy enjoyed by this gentleman was originally conferred, in 1766, on a son of Admiral Sir W. Rowley, K.C.B., who was also a distinguished naval commander; and another Baronetcy was conferred on his nephew Josias, and a third (which is still in existence) on his fourth son Charles. Thus a single family, in less than forty years, produced three Baronets, and one K.C.B., all flag officers in the British service.

**PLAYFAIR, MR. W. H.**—On the 19th inst., died William Henry Playfair, the celebrated architect, after a long illness, which had for some years paralysed his limbs, and, for the last day or two, made him insensible to everything. Mr. Playfair was born in London in July, 1759. He came of no distinguished stock. His father was an architect of note in his day, although his reputation has long been obscured by that of his son; and his uncle was the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher, Professor John Playfair. He had the advantage of being educated under the roof of the latter, at a time when Lord John Russell was not the only pupil of mark whom it sheltered. At a subsequent period, he accompanied his uncle in that continental tour which occupied the closing years of the geologist's life. Edinburgh owes the greater part of its architectural glory to Playfair. His classic designs meet us everywhere in the streets, on the heights, and in the spreading suburbs of the Modern Athens. The magnificent structure of Donaldson's Hospital, the Royal Institution and the National Gallery, Dugald Stewart's Monument, surmounting the crag on the western shoulder of the Calton Hill, are the designs of Playfair.

## EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

THE epithet, "Suffolk Street the solemn," employed by us last week in speaking of the artistic corporation calling itself "British," could be justified, were it needed, by an impartial examination of the thirty-fourth annual exhibition of the society, the private view of which took place on Saturday last. Solemn, calm, composed, and complacent is the end of the means at the society's disposal—eminently respectable, undeniably genteel; the best of colours, canvases, varnishes, and megilps; the brightest of frames; the most expensive of brocades for models; smooth drawing, smooth colour, smooth handling, smooth expression. We saw a dignified clergyman in the gallery on Monday—a rural dean, we think—in a shovel hat that ought to have been abolished at the same time as the Test and Corporation Acts, and pianoforte legs in smooth black gaiters. We felt at once that the gallery suited him, and he the gallery; and had serious thoughts ourselves, for about three minutes, of going into the church, and wearing a shovel hat and gaiters—only, rural deaneries are scarce. If any lectures on art were ever delivered in the rooms of the Society of British Artists, they would surely emanate from a disciple of that Dutch preacher who taught the housewives of Brook that Heaven was a flat smooth country, clean and well shaven, where it was all neat floors and bright fire-irons, all washing, scrubbing, sweeping, dusting, beeswaxing, and polishing for ever and ever and ever.

A lover of art—not of the Dutch-housewife way of thinking—might perchance opine this prevailing solemn and genteel smoothness to be somewhat exaggerated, not to say intolerable. The *juste milieu* is a very nice word in French, and a capital thing to be observed; but "mediocrity" is not so nice an English word, and does not convey so complimentary a meaning. Wandering among these acres of nicely-drawn and nicely-painted pictures, one cannot help yearning for one man with a little vigour, were it even brutal, a little fancy, were it even fantastic, a little originality, were it even extravagant. But this is not to be, we suppose. Suffolk Street is in the immediate neighbourhood of the most aristocratic clubs; and their wealthy frequenters (infinitely better judges of art than we) are apparently well satisfied with the solemn gentility of the British Artists; to judge, at least, by the purchases of pictures made on the one day of private view, reaching, as we are informed they did, the almost unprecedented number of seventy. Mediocrity being thus triumphant, let us observe a medium also, and plunge at once, in *mediis res*, among these middling pictures.

"Il ritorno della Contadina"—(Why this Italian vocabulary affectation?—why not "An Italian Peasant Woman returning from Market?")—(153), by E. Eagles, is in our opinion the best picture in the gallery. It is but a female figure crossing a shallow stream, and holding up her drapery as she stalks onward, a boy dabbling in the water by her side; but it is a very grave and dignified, and to a certain extent a noble picture; causing us regret, however, that a man who has thus given proofs of possessing so many attributes of a master in his art should be content with so slight a performance, and should paint but two figures instead of twenty as finely drawn and shadowed. The drawing—full of sound knowledge and study, is all praise-worthy; the woman's head is full of meaning, force, and truth; the drapery is carefully massed in with a grave decency, and yet a vigorous pressure. There is no effort about the work, no prancing or neighing, or saying among the captains, "Ha! ha!" but a quiet consciousness of power, like that of the big life-guardsmen's charger, who lets a little tot of a child stand between his forelegs at a review or a Royal procession, and never so much as switches that giant tail of his, lest it should frighten the innocent. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Eagles's picture is in the colour—in the curiously disagreeable, baked, over-done, fullers-earth, terra-cotta look that pervades the whole scene. Bake your *contadina* as much as you please, Mr. Eagles, let the water hiss if you like, as they enter it; but don't make your pools vapour-baths beforehand, and your umbrageous thickets as hot as Facinora's tomb in the "Inferno."

Mr. A. T. Roberts only wants fifty-two pounds ten shillings for his charming picture of the "Sick Boy" (86), suggested by a passage in "Nicholas Nickleby," and if we knew any bank that would honour our cheques, we would send fifty guineas to Mr. Roberts, and have the "Sick Boy" hung up in our *sacrum sanctorum* incognito. Indeed, it is a tender, loving, beautiful work; and Mr. Roberts deserves well of his country and of all who love children, for having painted it. The poor little fellow lies on his pallet before a third-floor window something like the window in the "Chatterton" picture. There is a green curtain half-drawn across it, through which the outer light is brought with admirable dexterity. The boy "lies there all day, now looking at the sky, now at his flowers. It must be dull to watch the dark house-tops and the flying clouds for so many months; but he is very patient." Sad and dreary indeed is the scene. The physic glasses and that dreadful "mixture as before" on the seat beside him; his own poor little form propped up; the school-books he will never need again; the slate, on which he has drawn with a feeble and trembling hand some flowers. It is good, however, to see that he is comfortable and well tended. There is one of the nicest of nurses. He has plenty of cut oranges, and clean linen, and sweet flowers; but oh! what a pity it is to know that he will never get better, and that the flowers that will concern him nearest soon are those that will be planted over his grave! We have no complaint, but one little suggestion to make to Mr. Roberts. The boy is not quite sick enough. Let the painter read the chapter describing Argemone's sick-room in "Yeast;" and when he is called upon to reproduce his "Sick Boy" (we are sure he will be) he will have improved it in some minute touches of expression. As it is, he has produced a delightful picture, and next week we hope to publish a copy of it in these pages.

"A Snooze" (567), by the same artist, is a study of a little boy (a healthy little boy this time) with capital legs—so fleshy, so full of life, so intelligent. "A Tender Chord" (332), also due to Mr. Roberts's pencil, is but a smirking Jenny and Jenny Jessamy picture of a last-century young man, squeezing the hand of a young lady while she is practising on the spinet or the harpsichord. One fancies Tom Jones violating a tender chord in always tender Sophy Western's bosom. It is tender. We have done with sweethearts, else (and had we the cash) we would bid for this picture too; but we recommend it to all young "lovers." It is strictly proper, too. No romping, no treading on toes underneath the table; only "Water Parted," or the "Minuet from Ariadne," and a sigh, a look, and a squeeze of the hand at the tender cadence. Oh dear! Boy, our pocket-handkerchief.

Close to the "Tender Chord" there hangs a picture of a youth and a maiden consorting together in the sweet summer-time, called "Fraternal Love" (329), by Mr. A. J. Woolmer. With all due respect to Mr. Woolmer, we beg to state that this picture no more resembles fraternal love than fraternal fiddlesticks. The girl and boy are sweethearts; they are over head and ears in love with one another; and Mr. Woolmer can't help it. He has eight pictures in the Exhibition, and there is love in all of them. Not "Tender Chord" love, but gushing, buoyant, impetuous, Italian, boiling-over affection. "The Children in the Wood" (214) might pass for a picture of Cupid and Psyche. The best of Mr. Woolmer's pictures (all of them good, by the way, and Venetian in colour and feeling) is "A Toilet Scene," a Mahomet's paradise-looking houri loling on a bed while she twines her tresses. No; it is not an houri, but Pyrrha, binding her golden hair for the "soft youth perfumed with odours fair." The picture does not deviate in the letter from the direct line of solemn propriety observed in Suffolk Street; in the spirit, it might have been painted by Boucher, and be a *dessus de porte* in the collection of the Most Noble the Marquis of Sreney.

Mr. J. Deffert Francis, in "Little Bo-Peep" (521), has painted with sweetness and delicacy a charming fancy portrait of the dear little shepherdess of the story-books. There is Little Bo-Peep with her little crook, and her little bare feet that never had corns, and beaming eyes that never shed any but imaginary tears for the loss of imaginary sheep. We could eat Little Bo-Peep up—her rich wavy hair, her dimples, and rosy fingers. We are sure her sheep have all blue ribbons round their necks, have never been washed save with Naples soap and Rimmel's toilet vinegar, and will never, by any possibility, be converted into mutton. Let us hope that they will all come home safely, carrying their tails behind them. We remember an equally charming picture by Mr. Francis, of a story-book

heroine, "Goody Two-Shoes," which has since, we believe, been engraved. When will he give us "Margery Daw," "Little Red Riding Hood," and specially that delicious little heroine of the "Grimm" story-books, "Snow-drop?"

Francis beginning with an F—the transition, we take it—is facile to Foggo, who (two of them—Foggo J. and Foggo G.) have painted something they call "Napoleon Bonaparte Signing the Death-warrant of the Duc d'Enghien," and which is a thing to thank Heaven upon, because, having seen it, we hope that in the ordinary course of life we shall never see so bad a picture again. Napoleon Bonaparte looks like a Guy Fawkes close-shaved; Josephine is the image of a monthly nurse; the death-warrant is a four-sheet poster; the drawing is bad; the colouring execrable; the composition is "compot"—not genuine. Take it away, Messrs. Foggo, for goodness' sake. Wash the canvas clean with turpentine, for you are robbing a collier of her mainsail.

We have nothing to say about the insatiable tribe of Williamss, Bodingtons, Percies, and Gilberts, save to remark that their facility and fecundity are up to their invariable standard of merit, and that they paint as much and as well as ever. Among the other landscapes Mr. T. F. Wainwright's "In the Kentish Marshes with Cattle" (245) is as moist, and spungy, and "mussy" as could be desired, with some genial sunlight to warm the aguish prospect up. Atmosphere very good; trees good; cattle but so-so. The "Brown Conway, North Wales" (239), J. B. Lyne, is, in verity, a brown picture. The Conway is all foaming, turgid, and leaping in brown splashes over brown rocks. Mr. Zettler has ten pictures, English and Hungarian subjects ostensibly, but belonging actually to no country but that shadowy land of his own, where he finds his woolly sky; his savage roads; his shaggy ponies; his foggy, misty, furzy, ill-combed people, trees, and dogs. Mr. Zettler always reminds us of that "man who was so wondrous wise, that he jumped into a quickset-hedge, and scratched out both his eyes." We wish he would jump back and scratch them in again; so that he, and we, might see better what his pictures are about. There is one in the present exhibition, "The Strangers at Richmond, Yorkshire" (238), which might be the strangers at Ekaterinoslav, in Russia, or at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, or at Edmonton turnpike, or at Timbuctoo, are "all a muddle," as Mr. Stephen Blackpool would say.

Mr. J. Noble is a very bad painter, and has impoverished the gallery by putting ten bad pictures on its walls. The best of these, or the worst, or a sufficient sample of the other nine, is a painting of a fat man in moustaches, who, we are told, is King Charles II. visiting Oliver the painter's widow at Isleworth, incognito, and examining her husband's miniatures. The "Merry Monarch," according to "Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting," purchased the remaining works of the late Mr. Oliver, which is a great deal more than we would do for the representation of the event by the present Mr. Noble.

Mr. Hensley has but one little single-figure picture called "Christmas Time," (60) which is marked "sold," of course—a little chap in the snow carrying some holly, very cold about the nose, and whistling to keep himself warm. Mr. Hensley knows such little boys by heart, and paints them off-hand. "A Waterfall, Romsdal, Norway" (158), is a good brawling rock and brook picture, by Mr. W. West, in the style of Mr. Academician Lee. "Turning a Deaf-ear" (138), S. Anderson, is a study of a little girl teasing a cat. The whole picture is tickled up in the pre-Raphaelite manner, and there is a velvet-pile carpet indifferently well executed. "The Taming of the Shrew" (137), R. W. Buss, is not funny, though painfully meant to be so. "A Pastoral Scene at Guestling, Sussex" (71), by J. J. Wilson, is as green as grass, and as fresh and fair to look upon. "The Son and Heir-Birthday" (70), T. Clater, is a conscientious study of a plain child and a table covered with penny pies. "The Son of Louis the XVI. under the Tutelage of Simon" (128), by Mr. Huristone, the president of the association, is a large and highly respectable picture. "Bez, Sir," (200), E. J. Cobbett, is a very good picture of a pretty foreign-looking girl teaching a Scotch terrier to beg. The maiden is coquettish, doggie is quizzical, and the pair are excellent good company. Mr. Duffield's "Fruit" (378) is nearly as good as Mr. Lane's, which is not saying much; Mrs. Vincent Bartholomew has some pretty fruit and flowers, and Mr. Raife some studies of fish, very well painted and very uninteresting.

In the water-colour room there is a view of "Antwerp," by Mr. J. Dobbin, in which the cathedral in the middle distance is quite a marvel of architectural drawing, and of which the foreground is very coarsely and carelessly smudged in. "A Storm Frigate off a Lee-shore" (688), E. A. Ingfield, has a bad scene-painter's sky, but a well-drawn sea, and better shore. "The Sun's Last Gleam, Tsch Vennacher, near the Trossachs" (672), by Aaron Penley, is a magnificent water-colour drawing, fulfilling almost every one of the requirements of a difficult and limited branch of art.

Summing up judiciously, we are inclined to believe the present Exhibition of the Society of British Artists to be neither above nor below the usual average, but pretty nearly equally balanced as averages go. We sincerely hope, however, that it will kick the beam, one way or the other, by this time next March.

It will be remembered that Mr. Bell Smith's picture of "Fishermen's Children," of which an engraving is given upon the next page, was referred to in our last week's notice of the Portland Gallery Exhibition.

## A SCENE AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

ABOUT the most gorgeous and remarkable scene in the historical tragedy of "King Richard II.," as elaborately revived by Mr. Kean at the Princess's Theatre, is the subject of our engraving on the next page. It represents the entry of Bolingbroke into London, upon a white charger, followed by Richard drooping over the back of another, when the former came to take possession of that crown which he gained with so little scruple and guarded with so much vigilance.

The scene is from a point in the streets of old London, whence two diverging vistas are visible. The windows of the houses are filled with gazers, and the balconies hung with tapestry, and crowded with eager groups in their holiday costume. In the street beneath a multitude of people have assembled, entertaining themselves with popular sports, such as the tumbling of athletes, and the dance of itinerant fools; when presently comes a procession of the City companies, with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs at its head, preliminary to the approach of Bolingbroke. The acclamations of the people upon the appearance of the hero of the day, who is shortly to become their king, and the scorn and loathing with which they treat the weak and vacillating Richard, now broken down by calamity and grief, give surprising vivacity and reality to the scene, which, regarded as a spectacle apart from the play, is composed and produced with a completeness of effect that has rarely been reached upon the stage, and perhaps never surpassed.

**REMARKABLE DIVORCE CASE.**—The child of a Frenchman, of high position, was ill with the measles, and the medical attendant declared its life in danger. The mother, who was engaged for an evening party, nevertheless continued to prepare her toilette for the party to which she had been invited. "You cannot leave the child—it is dying!" exclaimed the husband. The wife replied that it was impossible for her to remain away from the party without breaking her promise, and being guilty of a want of politeness. The husband again remonstrated with her, but in vain. She insisted on going to the party, if only for an hour. The husband then informed her that if she carried her intention into execution, the door would be closed against her on her return. The wife left for the party, but on her return home was refused admittance. The husband applied to the Civil Tribunal of the Seine for a separation, with the right of taking his child, and the appeal was granted. The tribunal ruled that a wife who forsakes her child in illness forfeits her conjugal rights.

**BRITISH SAILORS IN VIRGINIA.**—Two free negroes, William Carter and John Powell, seamen on board the British barque Biloa, were arrested in Virginia recently, for being absent from their vessel without leave, and were ordered by the Mayor to be flogged, by virtue of an Act of Assembly in such cases made and provided. The punishment was commuted with the assent of the captain of the barque to the payment of costs of arrest and other usual charges, to which, however, her Majesty's Consul, Mr. G. P. R. James, demurred, upon the ground that the negroes were British subjects. The Mayor, however, maintained his authority in the matter, and gave her Majesty's representative the alternative to pay charges or submit to the punishment of the negroes, the former of which he adopted under protest.





THE ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON, A SCENE FROM RICHARD II., AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.



FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN ON THE SEA SHORE.—FROM A PAINTING BY BELL SMITH IN THE PORCELAIN GALLERY.)



## THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH."

(Continued from page 190.)

## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

It needed no second summons beyond that Trumpet-Scream to bring the guests pell-mell into the hall, Gervase Falcon first and foremost. There he, there they, found fighting, howling, and wrestling with the footmen on the oil-cloth of the hall, a ragged, shameful woman—possibly, to credit one's ears, mad; apparently, to credit one's eyes, in an epileptic fit; certainly, to credit one's olfactory nerves, drunk.

Amid the noise and confusion, and hurrying to and fro of feet, the shrieking of the womankind, and the clamour of men's tongues, all naturally resulting from so untoward, and unforeseen, and unseemly an event as the falling into a fit on an oil-cloth, of a drunken mad woman at a wedding feast, those whose eyes had not been exclusively occupied by the contemplation of the miserable cause of the disturbance, might have noticed that the face of Gervase Falcon had assumed the ashy corpse-like hue that overspread his countenance when this same wretched woman threw the crumpled paper in at his carriage-window at the church-door. He looked, indeed, so mortally ghastly, and shook so in every member, that the contingency of his too falling in a fit on the floor of his hall appeared by no means improbable of occurrence. He mastered himself, however, as it seemed, by some strong internal effort, and thrusting aside the wondering menials, and motioning the staring guests to give the convulsionist room, knelt down by her side and bade somebody fetch a surgeon, for God's sake.

"I know this woman," he cried out in a savage tone, for an apology or an explanation; "she's a poor rel—, a poor dependent of mine. That is, she was. Help me, some one, to carry her upstairs."

If the woman had been one of the Demoniæ who dwelt in caverns and waste-places, among bats and dragons in the Old Times, and howled their miserable lives out, she could not have looked more horrible and less earthly than when, the voice of Falcon seeming to smite her muffled sense and to wake her to something like consciousness, she, after a desperate plunge or two, sat up in the midst of the floor, and began to stare with her red eyes, and drag her fingers through her matted hair, and croon out some gable, which, though still inarticulate, was yet a thousand times nearer speech than the yells which a moment before had been echoing through the brave house in Grosvenor Square.

"Do you hear me! John—Charles!" Mr. Falcon exclaimed querulously. "Help me to carry this poor woman up stairs."

They had first to help to set the poor woman on her legs, and prop her up against the wall, and smooth her disordered garments, and moisten her lips with water. There was a wide circle around her of frightened, astonished faces; no one near her but the two footmen who with scared looks supported her on either side, as their master had bid them, and Gervase Falcon, still with his knees trembling, and that old corpse-like face.

They were about (under strong mental protest from John-Peter, and Charles his brother) to move her again, when with a reel that was meant for a rush, she extended her gaunt arms towards Gervase Falcon, and spake:

"Do any of you know who this man is?"

If the fingers of a man's hand had suddenly come out upon the wall, and writ, as if in sand, that the Medes and Persians were at the gate; if she had cast a millstone into the midst of them there, and cried out that Babylon the Great was fallen, was fallen; if she had been the Witch of Endor, and had suddenly evoked the ghost of Samuel from beneath the oil-cloth, she could not have caused more terror and astonishment than she did by this simple question. And there beside her stood the Master of the house, deadlier in hue than before, his head bent down, his hands clasped, a new palsy in his limbs.

"Do any of you know who this man is?" she asked, elaborating the words this time with painful minuteness: before, they had rushed from her lips like a Lava-torrent. "Do you know—do you know who I am? Rot you all!"

No one answered. Who was to answer? What answer could be given, save by the Master of the house, who had declared to his tatterdemalion castaway to be his poor rel—, his poor dependent. He made a movement, as if to place his hand on her mouth, laying his other on her arm; but she broke away from him, and with a fresh sottish reel, cried out to the bride, who was leaning, half swooning, on her husband's shoulder,

"Come here, you girl, and I'll tell you!"

"My good woman—!" Sir William Guy expostulated.

"Your good woman! your good Devil!" the creature went on, swaying her uncertain arms about. "I'm the worst woman in the world. He knows I am: ask him!"

She pointed again to Gervase as she spoke, but the Master of the house, though his lips moved, and his knees shook, seemed utterly unable to utter one word, or to move one pace. But a storm of exclamations broke from the outraged company. Mr. Falcon must be ill. The Bride was fainting; the Bride's mother in hysterics! The woman was mad! Something must be done! Where were the servants, where were the constables? But none of them came near her for all that.

"Hear me, every one of you!" she said, dropping on her knees. "Come nearer, you cowards! Come here, you whimpering girls! Where's that white-headed old sinner that calls himself a Lord?"

There was a stir at this pointed allusion to Lord Viscount Baddington, and a feeble voice from the remote background, where his Lordship was ensconced behind several tiers of gabions and fascines of bridesmaids, made itself heard to the effect that the woman ought to be ashamed of herself, that he wondered what Falcon meant by it, and that he would be obliged if somebody would order his carriage.

"Order a hangman's cart for you all, fine gentlemen and fine madams," the woman cried, still on her knees. "You shall listen to me. You don't know who I am! I'll tell you! I've held my tongue for twenty years, but I'll speak now!"

She rose to her feet again as she said this, and stood up, but reeling as she stood.

"I'll speak," she went on. "God knows it, and man shall know it. I'll have it published to the four ends of the earth. They shall all know, all know—every one of them, one of 'em, v'm. They shall know—why not, eh? Why not? Let 'em a'rop o' rum."

So she ended, and fell down flat on the floor in a drunken stupor. And the Master of the house raised his head again.

At this moment a tremendous double knock resounded through the hall, and Enry, who with Tummas had started off, in obedience to their orders, in quest of surgeons, arrived panting but successful, having for the nonce in the handsomest manner replaced the sable-liveried laqueys of Mr. Fleem, of the Royal College of Surgeons, and ridden behind that eminent practitioner's carriage to Grosvenor Square.

Mr. Fleem, Fellow of the Royal College, &c., was a gentleman of such mild, soothing, comfortable manner, that he might have been described as an Emulsion in glossy broadcloth. He had a peculiar, quiet, soliloquising interjection, too, of T-t-t-t-t-t, which he was continually confiding to his snowy shirtfrill in a soft whisper that was quite a composing draught in itself, and had been found, in its time, of infinite comfort and relief to his extensive circle of patients. A mild man, Fleem, a gentle creature, as delightful a companion as ever cut off a leg, or burnt holes in a friend with caustic.

There was nothing serious the matter, Mr. Fleem said. Oh dear, no! Such unavoidable accidents would occur. Similar extraordinary intrusions had taken place at the Lord Bishop of Bosfus's town mansion. Quite unavoidable. A pity, perhaps, that the servants had not interfered to prevent the poor creature's entrance; but all was doubtless for the best. A disturbance in the street would have been, under the circumstances, and in front of the residence of Mr. Fleem's friend, Mr. Falcon's respectable residence, even more painful. Oh dear, yes! As to the poor woman;

she certainly was ill (He had done fifty things for the poor woman all in a quiet noiseless way by this time). Epilepsy; no, he should not say Epilepsy: Incipient Delirium Tremens, more probable. Had been conversing incoherently, eh? Wandering, of course? Just so. Thank you. Wilderness of the eye. Dear me! However we should see, we should see; and if you, my good fellow (John-Peter proudly pleased at being so addressed) would fetch a hackney coach, in ten minutes we will have her nicely and comfortably in St. Lazarus's Hospital.



THE DRUNKEN MAD WOMAN AT THE WEDDING FEAST.—(Drawn by Phiz.)

But to the genteel astonishment of Mr. Fleem, who had seen too many wonders of nature and art in his time to be violently astonished at anything under a hippopotamus performing a hornpipe, say on stilts, or on a tight rope of floss silk, and to the horror-struck amazement of the rest of the company, the Master of the house sternly and positively refused his consent to the removal of the woman. She should remain there, he said, till she grew better, and he bade his servants carry her up stairs forthwith.

"My dear Mr. Falcon," his wife reasoned, "I know this is but kind-heartedness on your part; but you can surely never allow such a creature to remain in the house!"

"My dear Papa!" the trembling Bride—

"Falcon, my good fellow!" Lord Viscount Baddington—

"If you would only consider, Sir," the Bridegroom—

"Oh dear, Mr. Falcon!" a chorus of Bridesmaids—

"Now, you know," Compton Guy—

"Bless my heart, my good Mr. Falcon!" Lady Tottringham—

"And I'm sorry, Sir, but which it is true, if my coat was took huff my

being in the receipt of Fern seed, and so walking invisible, there presently appeared, no one (save Mr. Fleem) knew how, a soft, straw-coloured as to hair, and raven-hued as to costume, assistant of that eminent practitioner; and before you could say "Paracelsus," the woman was quietly in bed, and a composing draught had been administered to her. She had opened her eyes and moaned once or twice during her conveyance to the bed-chamber, and had taken the draught quietly, but still seemed quite unconscious.

When they had laid her heavy head on the pillow, and the footmen being dismissed, there was no sound in the room but her stertorous breathing and the loud ticking of the Doctor's watch, the Master of the house drew the Searcher of the House of Life into the curtained embrasure of the window. He placed his finger on his lip first, and pointed, as a measure of precaution, to the straw-coloured assistant, who had appeared no one knew how, and who was now by the patient's head, bending over a table, and performing feats of legerdemain with bottles and cups, procured no one knew whence.

"Secret and trusty," Mr. Fleem replied, in a low soft whisper. "Invaluable in family matters, my dear Sir. Deaf, dumb, and blind to everything



A SCENE BETWEEN GERVASE FALCON AND CAROLINE, HIS WIFE.—(Drawn by Phiz.)

back this minnit, but cannot oblige you so to demean myself, and likewise my feller-servant objects to carry in such a bag o' rags up," John-Peter said, trembling at his own audacity, but still determined to stand by the dignity of his cloth. But the Master of the house was inflexible.

"Hold your tongues, you fools!" was his uncourteous rejoinder to his retainers in plush, "and help me to carry her up stairs, or get out of the way, and leave it to me and Mr. Fleem. Ladies and Gentlemen, stand back, or I shall do you a mischief."

but the requirements of his Art. Dear me, dear me, I don't know what I should do without Mr. Tinctop."

"I wish you," Gervase Falcon continued with an impatient movement of his hand, "to get me a trusty nurse for this poor creature. I don't want her left night or day. She mustn't be left, Mr. Fleem, save with the nurse, or yourself, or myself."

"Or Mr. Tinctop," the Surgeon blandly interposed, "Faithful creature; as I remarked before, a deaf-mute and blind to family matters."



"She mustn't be left with anybody," broke in the Master of the house. "With no living soul, Mr. Fleem. I tell you she'll rave—rave, Sir. Do you know a nurse you can trust?"

He asked the question so suddenly, and in such a hoarse, harsh voice, that the Surgeon raised his keen gray eyes to his face, with, for so mild and composed an eminent practitioner, quite an unusual expression of interest. Why did Gervase Falcon hang his head guiltily when the gray eye met his, and why did the old ashy hue come over his face again?

"Do I know a trusty nurse?" softly repeated Mr. Fleem. "Surely, my dear Sir; surely."

"I confide in you," Mr. Falcon continued, resuming his self-possession. "There is a skeleton in every house, my dear Doctor, as you know full well; and I entirely confide in you."

The Doctor, who was aware of a complete anatomical museum in half-a-dozen adjacent private houses, of an extensive bonehouse in a duke's mansion half-a-hundred yards off, and of materials for a complete course of lectures on osteology in a countess's boudoir in Berkeley Square, nodded his head, as men will do when they hear a pleasant truism.

"You may confide in me, of course," he replied. "Tut, tut, an everyday matter. Black sheep. Disgrace to respectable families. Highly improper to alarm the ladies by the sight of such fallen creatures. Mr. Tinctor," he said to the deaf and dumb assistant, "if you will be good enough to remain here and watch the case, in ten minutes you shall be relieved by Mrs. Lint. My dear Sir, good morning. Thank you—gloves; ah! yes! I shall look in again in the evening."

He had taken a farewell *resumé* of the state of the patient, whispered final instructions to Mr. Tinctor, pocketed his fee, put on his gloves, trotted down stairs, slipped into his comfortable carriage, and driven away, all in his quiet noiseless manner, but with marvellous celerity. Then Gervase Falcon, casting, too, a look upon the slumbering form on the bed, went down to join the wedding guests again.

#### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

##### GERVASE FALCON GOES ON A JOURNEY.

THE end of a feast—a banquet-table when the viands have been duly consumed, and the sparkling wines duly poured down—when the merriment and speech-making are all over, and the flowers begin to fade—is, albeit an instructive, not at any time an enlivening spectacle. Mr. Gervase Falcon descended to his breakfast-parlour to find that banquet-hall almost deserted: lights fled, garlands dead, and all, save one guest, departed: his wife.

Mrs. Falcon was one of those comely, fresh-coloured, virtuously-composed matrons who may be said to smile and sail through life:—a species of Gorgeous Galleys—a strong guiding sense of the Respectabilities at the helm, and good looks, and a handsome settlement at the prow. She was never flurried; she was never vexed, never cross—in company; though her maid, her children, and her children's governess, had other tales to tell on the question of her equanimity *à huis clos*. She was one of those wives a man may live with for more than nineteen years, before he finds out that she has a devil of a temper. There is a prodigious amount of cecity and surdity in Marriage as in Householding; and it is generally by the neighbours rushing in, and the fire-engine coming clanking up to the door, that a man discovers that his house is on fire. A score of years had very nearly elapsed since that Gordian knot, which it takes a thousand pounds worth of steel to cut, had been tied between Gervase Falcon and Caroline his wife; and it was only on re-entering the breakfast-room that Mr. Falcon discovered that his wife could be in a rage, and was in one.

There is a process known in feminine warfare as "bouncing," which may be otherwise defined as a moral charge of the female heavy horse. The strongest man will draw back when a lady "bounces" at him. Mrs. Falcon commenced her onslaught by that favourite movement.

"I wish to know, Mr. Falcon," she asked, in a high, shrill voice, and "bouncing" as she spoke; "whether my house—our house, I mean—is to be turned into an hospital, a workhouse, a rag-shop, for all the vile drunken creatures you may choose to pick off the streets?"

For all reply, her husband sat down at the further end of the table, and, with a trembling hand, filled a tumbler half full of wine, which he drank up greedily, moodily gazing at his wife meanwhile.

"Will you answer me, Mr. Falcon!" his wife continued, in a yet higher, shriller tone. "Who is this woman? Where does she come from? What does she want here? Why does your confidential surgeon, Mr. Fleem, come down here, and tell me that I am not to seek admittance to her room? I demand to know. I insist upon knowing!"

"The woman is dangerously ill," her husband answered wearily, leaning his head on his hand. "It would be as cruel as unsafe to leave her. Ask yourself—ask Mr. Fleem! Besides," he added, more to himself than to her, "I know something of her."

"Know something of her!" the indignant matron retorted, and only so it seemed, restrained from bouncing bodily as well as morally at Mr. Falcon by the interposition of some sixteen good solid feet of breakfast-table between her and her spouse. "Know something of her! I have not the slightest doubt you do. More of her than you ought to do. Enough to be ashamed of yourself for, I am convinced. But I'll not bear it, Mr. Falcon; either she leaves this house, within an hour, or I do!"

"Will you hold your tongue, woman?" her husband at the end of the table cried out, starting up from his seat so suddenly that the chair fell heavily to the ground.

"Woman! hold my tongue! This language to me! to your wife! to the mother of your children! Ugh! you wretch!"

"Mrs. Falcon," the husband of that lady remarked, stepping as he spoke from the station he had occupied, and clasping one of her arms very tightly and very sternly, "I don't think, during the twenty years of our marriage, I have ever given signs of a disposition to ill-treat you: but, by the Lord! if you don't sit down in that chair and hold your tongue, except to answer my questions, I'll leave such marks on you as you and I will both be sorry for!"

There was that in his eye, his blanched cheek, his set lips, which gave indubitable proof that he was in earnest, and thoroughly so. The bounce was taken out of Mrs. Gervase Falcon at once—perhaps for good and all; and she sat down as she was desired, tacitly indignant, but quite obedient.

"Where are my daughters?" her husband asked.

"Up stairs in the drawing-room. William is with Caroline, who is in a state dreadful to be imagined."

"Hold your tongue! you are talking nonsense! Why are not William and Caroline gone?"

"The travelling carriage was countermanded, and will be here again in twenty minutes. We were all waiting to hear an explanation of your extraordinary conduct—I mean, to know your wishes."

"Those you will hear presently. Where are all the people who were eating and drinking here half-an-hour since?"

"All gone—very much shocked and annoyed, and I am afraid, scandalised, though I implored them to observe secrecy. Your uncle went away infuriated."

"My uncle," Mr. Falcon responded, quite leisurely and calmly; "my uncle, Baddington, the gaping fool that has been gorging and swilling here, and you, Mrs. Falcon, may all go to the Devil!"

He had been a respectable man all his life, with an exquisitely keen sense of the proprieties and the conventionalities, just as she had always been a sweetly-tempered woman. What had come to both of them, for the lamb to turn lion, and the turtle-dove bear?

"My dear!" Mrs. Falcon could only faintly ejaculate, "consider the servants."

"In which recommendation?" Mr. Falcon continued, composedly resuming the thread of his discourse, "I include the servants. They may go to the devil too—all of them—all of you! Confound you all!" he cried. "I don't care *that* for you. Who's afraid?"

As he strode up to the table again, and emptied some more wine into a tumbler, and drank it, snapping his fingers defiantly, the husband and father, Grosvenor Square householder and Protonotary of his Majesty's Carpet-bag and Hat-box Office, quite went out from him, and nothing out a desperate Ruffian at bay remained behind. Mrs. Falcon, fairly frightened that her husband was going mad, was timorously moving towards the door, when he rushed across the room, and caught her by the shoulders.

"Stay here!" he said. "No; my dear Caroline," he continued with a

strange and horrible revulsion of tone and accent, "pray give me your arm, we will go upstairs together to my children."

So they went upstairs together, arm-and-arm, to their children, a very unlovely pair to look upon. John-Peter (who, by-the-way, was in rather suspiciously close proximity to the door when Mr. and Mrs. Falcon came out) could make nothing of them. He said as much to Charles his friend and help-meet; as, profiting by the absence of the heads of the family, he and several other culturers in red plush or white aprons hastened to swoop down on the *débris* of the feast, before the arrival of Mr. Gunter's men with the green boxes.

"I tell you something's wrong, and not a little wrong neither," John-Peter remarked sententially, and making a clean breast of a cold fowl, if ever one there were, as he did so. "Wot does she come and throw a Mannycript into Master's carriage? Why does the old 'un turn as white as parsnips when he reads it? Wot does she go for to hask me wot weddin' it is? Wot do she come a faintin' for 'ere, and a havin' fits in sich like disrespectful manners?"

A smart housemaid, allured from the upper regions by the prospect of Trifle and chintilly-basket, here observed that in her opinion the general proceedings were "howdacious;" and the youngest footman—not so stout or strong in the legs as could perhaps be desired, but reputed to be a wit, and a great favourite with the ladies—remarked, in an off-hand manner, that the woman who had fainted was "an 'ussey, and that was hall about it."

So the high life below stairs could make nothing of the low life that was above stairs. They made a good deal, however, of the lobster and chicken salads, the game pies, the plovers' eggs, the ices, jellies, creams, and comfits, that lay in glorious wreck upon the table. They made even more of the glass dregs, and wine lees, and the sundry untouched bottles that were there, till Mr. Binns, the Butler, who had considerably allowed them reasonable grace for living at free quarters, came out of his own pantry suite of apartments with Mrs. Trubble, the housekeeper, and scattered that liquorish crew.

Now, from this time, which might have been three of the clock, to seven in the evening, there reigned great quiet and stillness in the house of Falcon, in Grosvenor Square. Some few incidents diversified the monotony of the November twilight. A voluminous mass of faded and slightly mouldy-smelling garments, surmounted by a portentous hat with a shawl tied over it, the whole ballasted on either side by a basket and a bundle, arrived early. The voluminous mass announced itself (by a limp card—printed, not engraved) to be Lint, Nurse, et cetera, Bulgin's Mews, Berkeley Square; and also (by voice issuing from between a hooked nose and a hooked chin) to come by orders of Mr. Fleem, and to be extremely anxious to see "the blessed creature as was a sufferin'" directly. Lint, nurse, was ushered into the bed-room, you are aware of, and there saw that unblest creature who was indeed suffering. Not long after this came back to the door the travelling chariot and four grays, which have been so frequently alluded to as connected with the proceedings of the morning. They had not long to wait this time. The Bride and the Bridegroom came down speedily, not quite so radiant as they had been four hours before, but still keeping up their state proudly. Doors opened and elanged to again; and Bride and Bridegroom were gone upon their honeymoon, and were launched upon the illimitable Sea of Human Chances. Last there came, towards five o'clock, Lord Baddington's own body servant, with a letter for Mr. Falcon. He waited an answer, and receiving it ultimately from the hands of John-Peter, exchanged a wink of mysterious import with that servant, and so departed.

Mrs. Falcon's maid was summoned soon after this to bring a jug of hot water to her mistress's room, and the rumour ran through the basement-floor that she was bathing her eyes, after much weeping. She was in her room; her two daughters in theirs; but the master of the house rang no bell, and troubled no one, and was not heard of till it was quite dark, when, coming down stairs, and looking far more like a ghost than a human being, he bade John-Peter fetch him a hackney-coach.

The footman, who had had little more to do during the last five hours than stare and be astonished, was bewildered at so plebeian a vehicle being ordered, when his master had two carriages in the adjacent mews. Whatever was the good of spacious coach-houses and ample stabling, when respectable people in Grosvenor Square took to such democratic, radical, hackney-coach ways? He went on his errand though, being, for all his six feet and his calves, desperately frightened, and as he went along, determined to give warning at the first convenient opportunity, and leave this fashionable Bedlam to its own devices.

Gervase Falcon remained waiting in his lamp-lit hall till the hackney-coach came rumbling up to the door. At this moment Mrs. Falcon's own maid flitters came down stairs, and with great fear and trembling, and hesitating stammering, and apron-corner twitching, conveyed to him a message from her mistress, respectfully asking when Mr. Falcon might be expected home.

"Tell Mrs. Falcon to mind her own—," the Master of the house began; "so," he continued, more mildly; "tell her I am going on a journey."

A journey! but he had his gala dress on beneath his cloak. A journey! but he ordered neither carpet-bag nor portmanteau to be packed. A journey! he had bid none farewell—left no instructions behind him.

A journey whither?—whither, who should say? The Morning had passed, and the Night was come. The night, black, secretive, impenetrable—who but the Teller of all things can disclose its secrets fully?

(To be continued.)

#### LAW AND CRIME.

AN interesting chapter might easily be compiled upon the sports, pastimes, and beguilements of the London policeman, and would, to some extent, answer the often-recurrent question, "Where are the police?" For though grim, the policeman is sportive, and finds, to enliven his beat, methods of amusement little suspected by magistrates and commissioners. In hunting costermongers and aged female vendors of halfpenny worths of fruit; in chasing printers' devils up and down the steps and over the coping of Trafalgar Square, and strapping them when caught; in providing toys for his juvenile offspring by confiscating the hoops, balls, and shuttlecocks of other children; in diving for a quiet chat into the brewery yard, where, as none know better than he, the beer is not only of unadulterated excellence, but flows free to all privileged comers; in these life delights of his duty. His last invented sport has a happier spice of fun in it than all these. He lurks behind a corner, keeping his eye fixed upon a little boy trying to earn a penny by blacking pedestrians' boots. The boy must not be one of the "Ragged School Brigade," for the friends of that class, Lord Shaftesbury at their head, are potent, and their lads are privileged. When the urchin has caught a customer, and has blacked one boot into the shiniest perfection, down swoops the policeman, and, driving off the boy, leaves the customer to walk onwards in a ridiculous plight. More than once lately has this little pastime, so innocent and trivial, led to results considered worthy of record by the newspapers. On Monday last one of these cases was heard before Mr. Beadon, at Marlborough Street. The customer had insisted upon the completion of the work, and the policeman therefore, as the only resource, took the boy into custody. The customer interfered, thrashed the policeman in single combat, and, on the arrival of two others, thrashed them too, being at last overpowered by a blow from a truncheon on his head, which was thereby cut open. He was fined forty shillings; and one can scarcely regret that in such a case a fine was imposed, and that, as it happened, defendant could afford to pay it. But this case should be considered in connection with the one which next follows:—At the Middlesex Sessions, last week, a defendant was charged with assaulting a policeman, who swore that the accused, upon the occasion referred to, was staggering drunk, and in conversation with a woman. It does not plainly appear how this statement could be so explained as to be self-consistent. The policeman swore that the defendant insulted him, and, after using bad language, struck him in the eye, causing a swelling and redness, which went off next day. Those who know how slight an accident may cause a black eye, probably know also that this disfigurement seldom lasts less than a month, and will hence be able to judge of the violence of the alleged blow. This was the assault complained of, and complainant's only witness was a comrade, who came up after the occurrence of the violence. On the other side, three witnesses were examined,

who all, one after the other, swore that the policeman gave the first offence; that upon complainant seeking, in consequence, to take his number, the policeman seized him, shook him, and dashed him against some iron railings at hand. It was, moreover, proved that defendant was a man of peaceable demeanour, and otherwise generally well conducted; but the jury found him guilty, with a kind recommendation to mercy in an addendum, that they did not think him actuated by vindictive motives. The judge thought it was a case which did not call for a lengthened term of imprisonment, and to which a fine might be applicable. The defendant was fined twenty pounds, and, moreover, sentenced to a week's imprisonment. On comparing this with the case last noticed, it will be seen that the ratio of punishment depends infinitely less upon the offence committed than upon the judge before whom and the court in which an offender may be tried.

An application was recently made to Mr. Commissioner Phillips to set aside a portion of the salary of Mr. Charles Mathews towards payment of claims upon him previously to his insolvency. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that, while a bankruptcy entirely frees a debtor from his liabilities, an insolvency does not exonerate him should he afterwards acquire means of payment. In the present instance, it had been sworn that Mr. Mathews was in receipt of £80 per week salary from Mr. Smith, of Drury Lane. Upon the hearing it was shown in reply, upon affidavit, that Mr. Mathews only received, actually, twenty pounds weekly of his salary, the residue being applied to the payment of debts due to Mr. Smith and others, and from which Mr. Mathews had not been discharged under his petition. Were these debts incurred before such petition, let us ask, and, if so, why not included therein? The report does not enlighten us upon this head, or as to the nominal amount of the salary. It was not mere curiosity or the vulgar desire of becoming intimate with Mr. Mathews's pecuniary affairs—unfortunately only too public—that made us look for these particulars. But knowing a large proportion of the available talent of London to be entirely and utterly, body and soul, under the domination of a certain class of capitalists; having seen melancholy instances of genius swamped, of industry paralysed, and ambition converted into despair, through the medium of members of the tribe of bill-discounters and money-lenders, we should have liked, even if for information's sake alone, to know whether, and, if so, how, these men contrive to evade the laws for relief of the debtor. One of our daily contemporaries fulminates almost daily against the intrigues and the social ramifications of the Jesuits. Far more dangerous to art, literature, and commercial integrity, and far nearer to our homes and our properties, are the rapidly-spreading influence, the cunning combinations, and the increasing power of the Hebrews!

At Exeter, on the 20th inst., a charge of wilful murder was tried before the Chief Justice, and developed details of a kind almost unparalleled in modern times. The captain of a vessel, bound from London to Senegal and Rio Grande, had, while in the Senegal river, commenced a series of diabolical tortures upon the body of his black cook. He had flogged this poor creature with ropes, with "cats," and with broomsticks; he had ordered his lacerated back to be scrubbed while yet raw and bleeding, had hanged him up by the heels until his tongue protruded, and blood burst from his mouth; and had finally struck him, with a heavy instrument, a blow in the chest, which extinguished the last feeble powers of existence. It is very remarkable that English juries can never form any conception of murder, other than by a sudden and single act. The prisoner was found guilty of manslaughter, why, we cannot pretend to say. However, as the sentence of the judge was one of transportation for life, the brutal captain will not have much cause to rejoice at his lucky escape. Here, however, is a case, heard at Marylebone last Saturday, which a jury will perhaps regard more seriously. A destitute woman was captured by a policeman while attempting to leap into the water, in the Regent's Park. After her removal, a shawl and a child's hood were found on the grass near the spot, and by means of the drags, the body of her child was taken out of the water. It had apparently been strangled. The wretched mother upon being questioned, at once confessed that she had made away with the child, and had intended to cast herself after it, when prevented by the policeman. The cause was the usual one—utter hopeless misery. The child had been afflicted with a painful and troublesome disease, beyond hope of cure, and in terminating its sufferings the mother had thought to commit an act of mercy. Prevented by humane interference from destroying her own miserable life, she is now reserved to take her trial for wilful murder. Should her life be spared, it will probably be upon terms of her bearing the same punishment as that of the sea-captain last mentioned.

The disclosures in connection with the Royal British Bank are still progressing. Every fresh examination appears to fix more indelibly the stain of infamy upon the affair. It is not improbable—indeed we might almost venture to predict, that, should further revelations be yet made, the criminal law will be called into action to punish certain of the parties for fraud and conspiracy. We may add that, if report be true, the career of this bank affords a curious illustration of the tendency of villany to defeat its own ends and hasten to its own ruin. It is said that this bank, the first established in England upon the Scottish principle—namely, that of affording convenience to small depositors and shareholders, was, from the first, intended to be a swindle. That it became at once so popular, and so far exceeded the anticipation of its most sanguine projectors, as to make it evident that it would be absolutely more profitable to carry it on in honesty and good faith. That, nevertheless, old habits and innate roguery proved too powerful to be overcome, even when placed in antagonism with permanent and increasing profits, with self-interest and avoidance of the risk of infamy and punishment.

A man was tried during last week at Stafford, for having obtained money from a farmer under pretence of removing a spell laid upon his establishment, in consequence of which the chesres refused to hold together, the cattle sickened, and the dogs and horses made the nights noisy. After the wizard arrived, matters became rather worse than better. By means of one or two chemical tricks known to London boys, the fellow succeeded in so thoroughly arousing the farmer's terrors as to be able to victimise him to almost unlimited extent. The prisoner's counsel made the absurdly ingenious defence that a false pretence, to be criminal by law, must be founded on a pre-existent fact; that witchcraft being legally acknowledged to be nonsense, the false pretence fell to the ground; so that a false pretence, it would seem, would cease to be false, legally, if founded on a lie which the dupe believes, and the knave knows him to believe. The "Times" is very hard upon our civilisation, which happens to have left in some remote country villages, a remnant or two of ancient superstition. But, to our thinking, something less creditable to the age than even ignorance is displayed, when a counsel, learned in the law and skilled in the arts of his profession, ventures to insult the reason of the judges of the land with such rotten sophistry as this. However, the prisoner was convicted, and will have to endure a spell laid upon him by Mr. Justice Willes, of twelve months' hard labour.

THE ASHOVER BURGLARY.—At the Derbyshire assizes, on Thursday week, Thomas Wootton was charged before Mr. Justice Wightman with the burglary at the house of the Rev. Joseph Nodder, at Ashover, on the 21st of February. To the great surprise of the court, the prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge. In passing sentence on the prisoner, Mr. Justice Wightman said, "From what I see in the depositions, Mr. Nodder exhibited the greatest courage, and notwithstanding that you had instruments likely to produce death or some grievous bodily harm. It appears the pistol which he discharged at you was unfortunately loaded only with small shot instead of with a ball or slugs, but fortunately it was discharged in a manner that left it quite impossible that you could escape conviction. I think you are one of those persons of whose conduct we have lately heard so much. By a mistaken leniency—by the grant of a ticket-of-leave, you were allowed for a time to avoid serving the full period of fifteen years' transportation, to which for a most serious offence you had been previously sentenced. The present case shows what a grievous mistake was made by your being set at liberty. The sentence of the court is that you be transported for twenty-five years beyond the seas." The prisoner received the sentence with a smiling countenance.

THE BURGLARY AT MANOR OAKS, NEAR SHEFFIELD.—Daniel Dickenson and James Gledhill have been found guilty of committing a burglary at the dwelling-house of Mr. Bradley of the Manor Oaks, near Sheffield. Without the least provocation, or even resistance to their demands, the ruffians murderously attacked Mr. Bradley, and, but for the courage of his wife, who several times interposed herself, and received the blows meant for him, so that she was seriously wounded, he would probably have been killed. The prisoners were sentenced to transportation for life.



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